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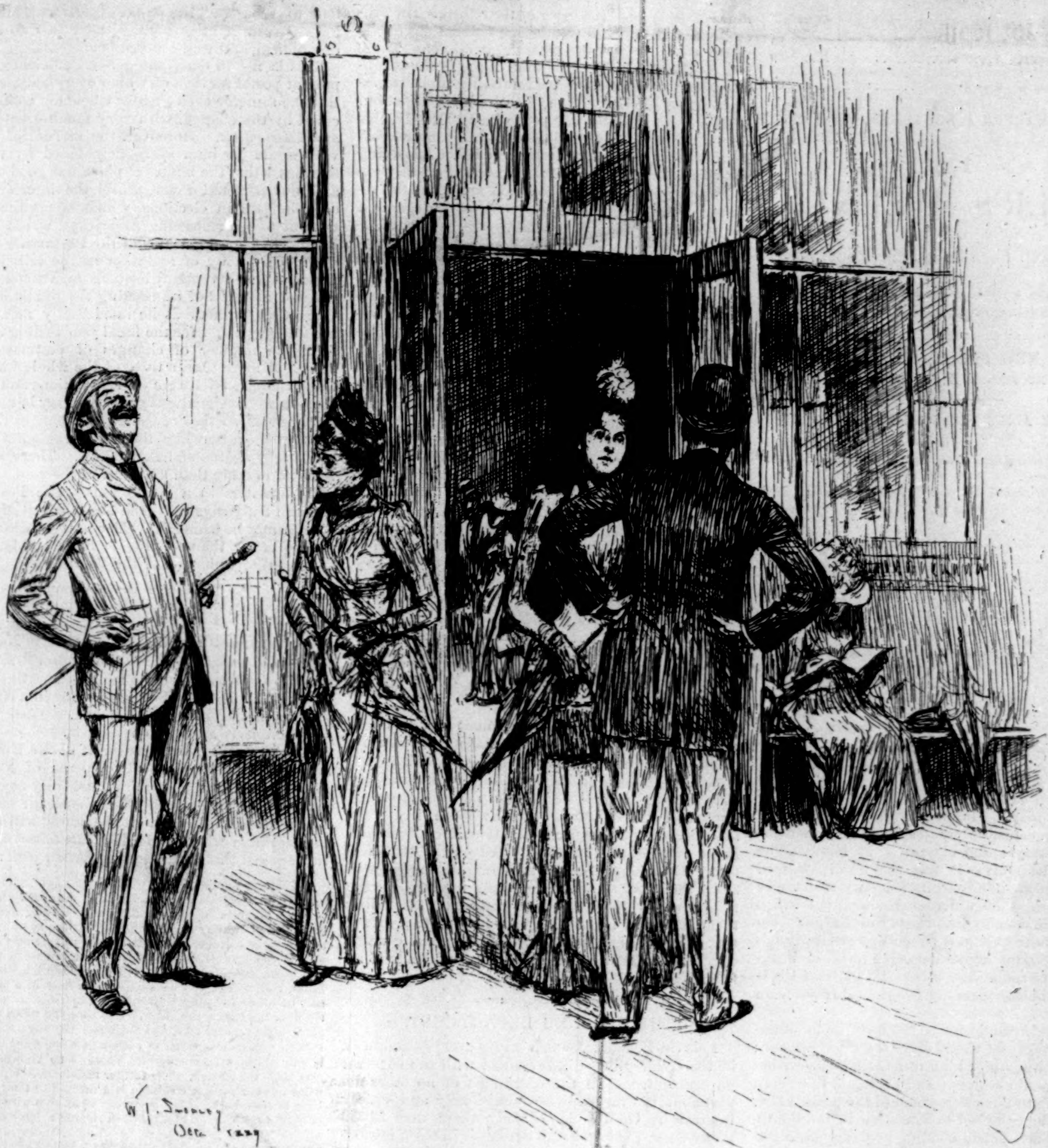

"THIS IS ONE OF YOUR TRICKS, WILLIS—ONE OF YOUR VILE PRACTICAL JOKES."

THE ALBANY DEPOT.

Farce.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

(THE ACTION PASSES IN BOSTON.)

I.

MR. *and* MRS. EDWARD ROBERTS; *the* CHOREWOMAN.

Mrs. Roberts, with many proofs of an afternoon's shopping in her hands and arms, appears at the door of the ladies' room, opening from the public hall, and studies the interior with a searching gaze, which develops a few suburban shoppers scattered over the settees, with their bags and packages, and two or three old ladies in the rocking-chairs. The chorewoman is going about with a Saturday afternoon pail and mop, and profiting by the disoccupation of the place in the hour between the departures of two great expresses, to wipe up the floor. She passes near the door where Mrs. Roberts is standing, and Mrs. Roberts appeals to her in the anxiety which her failure to detect the object of her search has awakened: "Oh, I was just looking for my husband. He was to meet me here at ten minutes past three; but there don't seem to *be* any gentlemen."

The Chorewoman: "Mem?"

Mrs. Roberts: "I was just looking for my husband. He was to meet me here at ten minutes past three; but there don't seem to be any gentlemen. You haven't happened to notice—"

The Chorewoman: "There's a gentleman over there beyant, readin', that's just come in. He seemed to be lukun' for somebody." She applies the mop to the floor close to Mrs. Roberts's skirts.

Mrs. Roberts, bending to the right and to the left, and then, by standing on tiptoe, catching sight of a hat round a pillar: "Then it's Mr. Roberts, of course. I'll just go right over to him. Thank you ever so much. Don't disturb yourself!" She picks her way round the area of damp left by the mop, and approaches the hat from behind. "It *is* you, Edward! What a horrid idea I had! I was just going to touch your hat from behind, for fun; but I kept myself from it in time."

Roberts, looking up with a dazed air from the magazine in his hand: "Why, what would have happened?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, you know it mightn't have been *you*."

Roberts: "But it *was* I."

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, I know; and I was perfectly sure of it;

(Continued on page 1005, Supplement.)

HOWELLS'S NEW YORK STORY.

A GREAT NOVEL. (*Just Published.*)
Never, certainly, has Mr. HOWELLS written more brilliantly, more clearly, more firmly, or more attractively than in *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, says the *New York Tribune*; and it gives two main reasons for this profound praise as follows:

HEROIC CHARACTERS.
In *A Hazard of New Fortunes* Mr. HOWELLS employs the heroic element as he has never done before...He deals here with the play of strong emotions and great passions.

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No one can complain that in his last story Mr. HOWELLS has taken his type from the commonplace. He has brought together such a gallery of odd and strongly differentiated characters as could perhaps be found in no other city on the continent.

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WITH

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A NEW SERIAL STORY

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

"THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE,"

a romance of Mexico, will be begun in the next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and will be continued from week to week throughout the early part of next year.*

The story is one of remarkable originality and power, and is fitted to take its place in the front rank of the imaginative literature of our time.

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HARPER'S BAZAR *No. 52 published this week, will be the Christmas Number. A brilliant special cover, a superb colored Supplement by* C. S. REINHART, *entitled*

"GATHERING MISTLETOE,"

and a lovely double-page picture, "Ho, for the Christmas Tree!" by ROSINA EMMET SHERWOOD, *are among the charming Christmas features. Other beautiful illustrations are furnished by* W. A. ROGERS *and* ALICE BARBER. *The Christmas stories are by* MARION HARLAND *and* MARY E. WILKINS, *while* HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH *and* HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD *contribute timely poems.*

THE MESSAGE.

IF the nation be happy which has no annals, our happiness may be inferred from the President's message. He describes peace abroad, and an overflowing Treasury and tranquillity at home. The message is as tranquil as its tale, and no uninformed reader would conclude from its placidity that under its quiet allusions lie differences of opinion which will arouse the country into stormy discussion. On the three or four questions which are generally felt to be of paramount importance—the tariff, civil service reform, pensions, and a national election law—the message states moderately the general Republican policy.

The President would revise the tariff in the interest of protection; he would have a service pension; he would institute some kind of national supervision of Congressional elections; and he would limit civil service reform to the enforcement of the present law. Also he would grant aid to education in the Southern States under certain conditions, designed to prevent pauperization of the States in that direction. His mention of these subjects consists mainly of expressions of opinion, and not specific recommendations of methods nor arguments in elucidation of his views. In regard to Congressional elections, he thinks that the end might be secured by an extension of the present laws rather than by new schemes like the CHANDLER or SHERMAN plan. His approval of service pensions extends to those persons who served in the army, and who, being dependent upon their daily labor, are now disabled. Secretary NOBLE takes the same ground, and asks the sum of $97,210,252 for pensions next year, against $88,275,113 28 for last year, which was an increase of $9,499,251 36 upon the preceding year. The next demand will be probably $100,000,000. In this proposition of an enormously increasing pension fund there is the material of resolute differences of opinion, without the least difference of patriotic feeling or of gratitude to the soldiers of the Union.

The message will not awaken party enthusiasm, and it does not indicate leadership. It is a plain and detailed account of the national situation, but it is the story of a faithful clerk rather than of a statesman. But, none the less, its picture of peace and prosperity at the close of the centennial year is very gratifying, and leaves only the wish that the national honesty, intelligence, and courage may be such as to deal wisely with the grave problems which even peace and prosperity present.

A BRISK AND ENTERTAINING REPORT.

THE remark which is made by unfriendly critics with suspicious reiteration that civil service reform is dead, is summarily disposed of by the sixth annual report of the Commission, which was promptly submitted to the President at the opening of Congress. It is not a long document, and it is exceedingly crisp and animated, supplying full information, knocking over the regulation objections, and, above all, showing an aggressive spirit, which is one of the most unmistakable signs of the vigor of the reform. The other day the Boston and Cambridge associations entertained Commissioner ROOSEVELT at dinner. There was capital speaking. The tone of the Commissioner's speech was exceedingly stimulating, and Professor NORTON, president of the Cambridge association, said, very truly, at the end of the feast, "Really, this does not look like the dinner of a declining cause." Neither does the sixth report seem to be the last dying speech and confession of reform, but it merrily exposes the humbug of the common sneers at the reformed system, and makes a conclusive argument for it by telling the simple truth.

It will perhaps amaze the reader who supposes that no progress has been achieved to learn from the opening sentences of the report that the classified service now includes about 28,000 government employés. That is to say, of the employés in the service of the people, nearly a fourth in point of numbers, and about half in point of importance, reckoning by salaries, are now appointed, not as the choice of political leaders and committees, but because they are deemed upon examination to be honest and capable servants of all the people. For a reform which is stone-dead, and already offensive in the nostrils of every machine professional politician in the country, this is a rather lively report. If Mr. JENCKES, the father of the movement, could return to view the situation, he would rejoice for many reasons, but for none more certainly than the aggressive tone of which we have spoken. The Commission, in view of the great increase of the service, and of its consequent labors, asks for an increase of assistance, and consequently of the appropriation, justly remarking that while there may be a difference of opinion in regard to the law, there can be none in regard to the duty of enforcing it properly while it remains a law.

All its requests are most reasonable, and it asks nothing which a majority in Congress friendly to reform would not willingly grant. The report is one of the best and most trenchant reform documents, from its authoritative statements and its sharp retorts. Irrelevant questions at examinations, it says, are most properly condemned. But nobody can condemn them more heartily than the Commission, and no questions can be more irrelevant than such inquiries in examinations for clerks and letter-carriers as how they voted at the last election. If the opponents of the law in Congress will show the same readiness to attack the law and the reform which the Commission displays in defending them, it would be of the greatest service, provided that the spirit, intelligence, good sense, and courage of the Commission should animate the friends of reform upon the floor.

THE PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

IT is the Post-office which brings every community in the country into direct contact with the national government, and in the operations of no other department is everybody so immediately and visibly interested. On the 1st of July there were 58,599 post-offices; the number of employés in them is more than 150,000, and the gross expenditure ending with next June is estimated by the late Postmaster-General DICKINSON at nearly $67,000,000. When the department was organized the total expenditure was about $90,000. The Post-office Department has wholly outgrown its present organization, which confines and incapacitates it as swaddling-clothes embarrass a grown child. At the annual meeting of the Reform League, Mr. R. H. DANA, of Boston, submitted an admirable paper upon the subject, recommending as the basis of reorganization a system of postal districts. Mr. DICKINSON, in a paper published at the same time, made the same recommendation, as the result of his experience at the head of the department, and now Postmaster-General WANAMAKER follows with a strong recommendation of the same plan.

He says, in effect, that the incessant detail of duty for the Postmaster-General is so overwhelming that it is impossible for any man to perform it properly, and that the imperfect performance deprives the Postmaster-General of all opportunity of doing anything but the routine duty, which could be as well discharged otherwise. He suggests, therefore, the appointment of a Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, or General Manager, to be in direct charge of the railway mail, the foreign mail, the money-order, registry, and supply divisions, and the Dead-letter Office, all of which have now only a nominal supervision. This officer should be appointed for ten years, at a salary of ten thousand dollars, and be removable for cause. The country should be divided into twenty-six postal districts, each to be under the charge of a supervisor, who should be thoroughly informed about every office in his district, and should serve as a local intermediary with Washington. These are suggestions which go at once to the point, especially in view of the Postmaster-General's statement that the constant change in the higher posts of the department and the constant education of new men necessarily unsettle the service. The measures that he suggests in connection with a system of removals involving the minimum of official change would tend to reconstruct the postal department, and transform it from a huge political asylum into a great, economical, and well-ordered business.

This is not to deny the general efficiency of the present postal service, of which everybody is aware. But the same or even greater efficiency would be secured by the change, with very much greater thrift and satisfaction. Moreover, the *morale* of the service would be immensely heightened by the consciousness that the tenure of place was good conduct, and not personal favor, while the interference of office-holders in elections, which is peculiarly distasteful to self-respecting Americans, would be abolished. These suggestions of the Postmaster-General are more worthy of attention as the criticism of a practical and successful business man upon the traditional methods of transacting the public business. One of those methods he incidentally mentions in the statement that for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, the number of changes of postmasters was 20,030, or more than a third of the whole force. Of these changes 8854 were on resignations and 7853 on removals. Resignations generally may be accounted as removals, so that of the 20,030 changes there are 16,707 removals, while the remaining 3,323 are explained by deaths and new offices. This shows the removal of more than a quarter of the whole number of postmasters in a single year. The Postmaster-General truly says that such unsettlement of the service cannot be beneficial. The new Congress could not do better than to provide for a timely and resonable reorganization of the Post-office.

THE ELECTRIC-WIRE PERIL.

ANOTHER death by the electric wire in New York, and the apparent fact that the Boston fire was produced by it, illustrate once more, and with the usual fatality, the peril to which everybody in a city entangled in the mesh of such wires is exposed. In this situation it is useful to recall the remarks of Mr. ALEXANDER WELSH, an assistant of Mr. EDISON, and an expert, after the shocking death of FEEKS—remarks which, as the *Evening Post* truly says, are not exaggerated, when read after the death of HARRIS, whose friends, it is greatly to be hoped, will bring suit to determine whether the law can afford no protection against this deadly and universal peril:

> "Wherever you see the big white electric light, with its carbons burning, you may know that death lurks overhead. Nearly every wire you see in the open air is thick enough and strong enough to carry a death-dealing current. As things are at present, there is no safety, and danger lurks all around us. It may never reach you, or you may go on for years unhurt, but when the moment comes you are killed instantly. You may touch a wire with your finger, and, though you be on the tenth floor of a building, you may be killed instantly, provided that, by moisture or otherwise, the floor becomes a conductor. The wire you touch may be simply holding up a picture, and yet, under these conditions, in connection with an iron rafter or a hook touching some hidden plate, it may convey a fatal current. There is no knowing when you may touch the current. The further maintenance of the overhead wires in their present condition is a menace to the life of everybody in New York. It is dangerous to touch a wire of any kind, or even a metal substance. A man ringing a door-bell or leaning up against a lamp post might be struck dead any instant. It is not alone the electric-light wires that may kill you. Somewhere off in another street, perhaps miles away, the wind has blown an arc-light wire against some conductor, and the danger begins."

In Cleveland, Ohio, the people seem to have reached the conclusion that innocent citizens have some rights which even electric-light companies are bound to respect, and the fire department, assisted by citizens, has been cutting down the poles and severing the wires. The Boston *Herald*, pointing out the envelopment of the city in deadly wires, and the carelessness which suffers the companies to endanger the entire populat[illegible] says truly, and its remark is as applicable to New York, "our go-as-you-please methods of electric service, interfering with each other in every possible manner, are thoroughly anarchistic." The situation is due to the absorption in business and the good-humored indifference to the management of public affairs which lead the American to acquiesce in the farce which our city governments usually are. Here is New York, the first city of the continent, one of the three or four great cities of the world, full of citizens of the highest character, ability, intelligence, and training, where practically every man can vote, and its municipal administration is a parody on good government.

If that be the rule, it is not surprising that communities pay enormous taxes and get nothing for them, and that law and order leagues are organized to take care that the laws are honestly enforced by the officers of the government, and to prosecute them for violation of official duty. Here in New York there is a Board of Control which has supervision of electric wires, and the Grand Jury has formally declared it to be both grossly negligent and incompetent. Now the reason that the lives of citizens are at the mercy of electric-light companies and their wires is that such officers as the Board of Control are selected without the least regard for their fitness. When they are elective, the great mass of citizens vote for them without the least knowledge of them, and simply because they wear the party label. When they are appointive, they are selected because of political influence. It is a tolerably plain proposition that where the people govern, the majority is responsible for the character of the government. It follows that the community has the kind of government that it wishes. If this city is menaced every moment with deadly electric wires, it is because it chooses to be menaced. It is too lazy or too busy to care to protect itself.

THE BEETHOVEN MEMORIAL.

Beethoven was born in Bonn on the 17th of December, 1770, and the citizens of that town have led in the organization of a society in Germany to secure the house in which he was born, and to maintain it perpetually as a memorial of the great composer. The society has enrolled famous European notabilities of all kinds among its honorary members. Among them are **Johannes Brahms**, **Max Bruch**, **Niels W. Gade**, Sir **George Grove**, Sir **Charles Halle**, Dr. **Hermann von Helmholtz**, Count **von Hochberg**, **Franz Lachner**, **Carl Reinecke**, **Hans Richter**, **Anton Rubinstein**, **Clara Schumann**, **C. V. Stanford**, **Alexander W. Thayer**, **Giuseppe Verdi**, and **Franz Wuellner**. Mr. **Thayer** is an American who, after a life of research and study, has written the authoritative Life of **Beethoven**. An appeal for subscriptions has been issued by a committee of which **Joseph Joachim** is chairman, and Messrs. **Theodore Thomas** and **Steinway** are preparing a concert in aid of the Beethoven Home, to be given in New York in December.

The house has been bought, and it will be made a depository of manuscripts, pictures, busts, and relics of every kind. This is a natural and beautiful design. In the world of music **Beethoven** holds almost the place of **Shakespeare** in literature, and whatever the delight in the works of other composers, there is a transcendent quality in his which is supreme. The growth of his fame is remarkable. There are those still living and active who recall the time when profession of admiration for **Beethoven** was regarded as an affectation of superiority and a pretence of seeing beauty in formless obscurity. But the advance of his reputation has been prodigious, until now his greater works seem to be as secure in the permanent admiration of the world as those of all other genius of the first order.

A concert of the kind proposed will have peculiar interest from its appeal to personal feeling. To the imagination the man **Beethoven** seems to be secluded in gloomy grandeur. The details of his life are by no means generally familiar, and this movement is a pleasant augury of a more intimate friendly acquaintance with his career. In a city which owes so much to the musical cultivation and liberality of his countrymen, and to their interpretation of his music, such a concert should be an occasion of great enthusiasm. For we may be sure that nowhere could it be made more adequate and satisfactory than by the combined leadership in the enterprise of Mr. **Thomas** and Mr. **Steinway**.

SPEAKER REED.

The selection of Mr. **Reed** for the Speakership of the House of Representatives has been received by all parties as admirable. He has been long the Republican leader; he is a man of high character, conceded ability, great parliamentary experience and knowledge, exceedingly ready and courageous, and of strong political convictions. If to these qualities it shall appear that he adds urbanity and an even temper in the chair, the selection will justify the high anticipations with which it is received.

Mr. **Reed's** views upon protection have been freely stated by him, and are in accord in principle with the Republican platform. Parliamentary courtesy will probably lead him to appoint Mr. **McKinley**, of Ohio, his chief competitor for the Speakership, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. Mr. **McKinley** was the author of the platform, and he is a protectionist of the highest school, while Mr. **Reed**, as a Maine man, may share the New England Republican desire for a revision of the tariff to obtain certain raw materials at a cost which will not crush manufactures. The protectionist majority in the House, however, is so small that the New England feeling in regard to revision makes very decisive action upon the tariff at this session uncertain, if not improbable.

The Speaker is said to favor a national election law to affect elections in the Southern States, which Mr. **Lodge**, of Massachusetts, is supposed to be preparing. If the report be true, it is evident that the plan will have the support of the ablest Republicans in Congress. Mr. **McKinley** and Senators **Hoar** and **Edmunds** are understood to favor it. This fact will at least secure the ablest presentation of the argument for the law. Mr. **Reed's** recent paper upon the rules of the House showed his interest in the subject and his mastery of it, and if a storm of debate should arise over the new rules, no man is better fitted to direct it than Mr. Speaker **Reed**. His speech upon taking the chair was very brief and very admirable; in lucid and compact expression it was a model for such speeches.

MR. GLADSTONE AT MANCHESTER.

Mr. Gladstone, at eighty years of age, has just made a speech at Manchester, in which, as the great leader of a great party, he defines the Liberal policy. In doing this he evidently dealt severely with some of the Unionist leaders, and this fact may serve to show that he assumes their complete separation from the party. The Liberals would have remained united, he thinks, except for the personal ambition of some Tories and their allies, who desired more to form a national party than to do political justice.

That is a novel view, but until the text of the speech is seen it is hard to understand that this theory explains the action of a man like Lord **Hartington**, who is the real Liberal-Unionist leader. His convictions seem to have been perfectly sincere, due doubtless in part to his aristocratic Whig traditions and to the instincts of the English landlord. But overpowering political ambition does not appear to be one of his characteristics, while the opportunity of its highest gratification is believed to have been open to him.

Nevertheless there seems at this distance to be no doubt, as Mr. **Gladstone** says, that Ireland is the leading question in British politics, and he says further that the recent speeches of Lord **Salisbury** and Lord **Hartington** show that the alliance is making ready for defeat, and, he adds, with the settlement of the Irish question the alliance becomes extinct. In that event he probably sees nothing for Lord **Hartington** and Mr. **Chamberlain** but absorption in the Tory party, for until English society is radically changed the Tory party must survive as the conservative force in English politics. Mr. **Gladstone's** power as a leader is plainly unimpaired, and taken all together it must be an inspiring leadership.

THE INDIAN COMMISSIONER.

The improvement in our Indian policy, which began some years ago, is largely due to the observation of General **Grant** when a young officer stationed in the Indian country. He said, in effect, that he saw that our treatment of the Indians was dishonest, while that of the Canadians was honest, consequently they trusted the Canadians and hated us. The subject has now taken strong hold of the public mind, and there is a very decided demand that our Indian policy shall be honest and humane, and shall not reflect the frontier epigram that the only good Indian is a dead Indian.

This is the conviction of the new Indian Commissioner, and it is because of General **Morgan's** peculiar fitness for the Commissionership, as we learn from an admirable letter of Mr. **Herbert Welsh** to the New York *Tribune*, that his confirmation will be opposed by certain Senators. The trouble, as usual, is not any want of official qualification, but failure to surrender his own responsibility by using his power of appointment to gratify politicians and their private ambitions and purposes. General **Morgan** wisely holds that appointments should be determined by character and fitness, and not by what is called party service, a wholly indeterminate phrase, which generally means personal service to some politician.

Opposition to General **Morgan's** confirmation will not profess its true reason, but will mask itself under a pretence. The most probable allegation, it seems, will be that he has dismissed employés from the service because they were Roman Catholics. Mr. **Herbert Welsh**, on behalf of the Indian Rights Association, upon hearing this accusation, wrote to Cardinal **Gibbons** that if the report were true the association would oppose the Commissioner's policy. But upon careful investigation Mr. **Welsh** is completely satisfied of the falsity of the charge, while General **Morgan** says not only that every dismissal has been made for cause, but that the cause is to be seen upon the records of the office. Mr. **Welsh** concludes his letter by a remark of force and value which is well worthy of careful consideration:

> "Public sentiment demands the removal of appointees who are inefficient, insubordinate, or in any way unfit for their position, no matter what may be their church connections, and to throw over such persons the protection of their religious faith is to threaten the appointing power with a serious danger which it is the duty of good citizenship firmly to resist."

THE FIRST DAY OF THE SESSION.

The descriptions of the opening of the session of Congress were very lively. Everything was exceedingly quiet, however, except when the little bolt from the caucus nomination of Chaplain occurred. This was significant, because the majority is so small that departure from the caucus order may be at any time seriously embarrassing. The pleasant reflection in the assembling of Congress is the fact that the country is wholly at peace, both at home and abroad, and that no grave immediate peril is visible. The Democratic caucus adopted a resolution reaffirming the platform of last year as the platform of the party, and pledging the party to continue the contest for revision of the tariff.

The reappearance of Mr. **Banks** in the House recalls the early Republican days when he was Speaker, and Governor of Massachusetts, and supposed generally to be "the coming man" of the party. In the **Fremont** campaign he made a speech in Wall Street as one of the solid champions who would commend the new party to the confidence of business men. He withdrew from politics, however, to become president of the Illinois Central Railroad, but entered the Union army at the beginning of the war, in which, although a rather conspicuous figure, his general prestige was not enhanced. Mr. **Banks** is now seventy-three, and has not been recently politically prominent.

In the Senate, Mr. **Aldrich** at once introduced a resolution to appoint, as soon as practicable, a quadro-centennial committee of nine members to take charge of all matters relating to the great Exhibition. The city of New York has completed the subscription of a guarantee fund of $5,000,000, and its claims for the Fair will be doubtless set forth with willing eloquence in the Senate by Mr. **Evarts**, and in the House by some of the Representatives from the city. Whether any of them could hopefully engage in any debate that may arise, time will determine. It is to be hoped that the placidity of the opening of the session is an augury of its peaceful progress.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Jefferson Davis will remain in our history as the especial representative of the great effort to dissolve the Union by secession. The contest was the natural and inevitable result of the conception of the government which was expressed in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. But the conflict was deprived of dignity and sympathy by the purpose for which the right of secession was asserted, while the struggle was maintained with a tenacity and valor which the bravest soldiers of the Union have been always the first to acknowledge.

Mr. **Davis** as the head of the Confederacy seems neither to have aroused personal enthusiasm nor to have displayed great ability. The high sagacity and the picturesque and romantic qualities of leadership were equally wanting. But the fanaticism of a moderate man makes him often the fitting representative of a cause, and **Davis** clung to the cause with an unwillingness to confess the catastrophe when it arrived which identified him with it absolutely, and earned for him a certain Confederate loyalty of feeling which his capacity did not command.

Undoubtedly as time passes, and the passions of the war and of the great agitation which preceded it are assuaged, the whole controversy will be seen to have been the necessary result of the compromises which alone made the formation of the Constitution practicable, and which led to a certain obscurity in the instrument itself. But the great practical error involved in the movement of secession sprang from the failure to comprehend that whatever plausible interpretation the Constitution might be made to bear, and whatever the reserved rights of States might mean, yet in the seventy years since the adoption of the Constitution a nation had arisen which would not consent to its own destruction if it could by any contest maintain its life. That was an actual situation which neither **Calhoun** nor **Davis** comprehended, and which was not perfectly evident even to the defenders of the Union until the conflict began. Mr. **Davis** had outlived bitterness of feeling in this part of the country, and the news of his death was received without emotion.

PERSONAL.

James Douglass Reid, intimately associated with the earlier struggles of the telegraph in this country, has just retired from the Western Union service to become Consul at Dunfermline, Scotland, near which place he was born. Mr. **Reid** entered the service in 1846, and had much to do with extending telegraph lines through the South and West. While stationed at Pittsburgh in 1848 he assisted in transmitting President **Polk's** message over the wire to a circuit of Western papers, the task, up to that time unprecedented, occupying two nights, as the wire had to be used for commercial business during the day. Since then Mr. **Reid** has seen the telegraph grow into its present importance, and has written much that is entertaining about its origin and progress.

—Captain **David Compton**, whose capture with his steamer the *Haytian Republic* during the recent revolution in Hayti brought him into national prominence, wreaked peculiar and effective vengeance on **Légitime**, after the interference of the United States government had set him free. He joined the cause of the North, under General **Hippolyte**, and was given command of the gun-boat *Jacmel*. His Yankee skill and energy enabled him to make it exceedingly warm for the **Légitime** fleet at times, and a price of $15,000 was offered for his head, with $10,000 for his little vessel. Since the fall of **Légitime**, Captain **Compton** has been rewarded in various ways by the present Haytian government, and has been made Admiral of the fleet of seven gun-boats and two transports.

—The venerable ex-Vice-President **Hannibal Hamlin** appeared in public at Bangor, Maine, the other day, to present a national flag to the high-school, and made a stirring speech to his auditors.

—The fleet of new American war ships has its "Little Buttercup" in a Mrs. **Robinson**, the wife of a disabled man-of-warsman. She was the successful bumboat woman while the ships lay in New York and Brooklyn, and followed them afterward to Boston.

—Before the recent election in Massachusetts, **Henry A. Cook**, of Leominster, decided that he wanted to go to the Legislature. So he called a convention of his fellow-citizens, and nominated himself with so frank a speech that the voters took him up, and elected him over the regular Republican nominee in a strong Republican district.

—Mrs. **Richard A. Proctor**, widow of the astronomer, who was carried off by yellow-fever, is gaining a livelihood by delivering her husband's lectures.

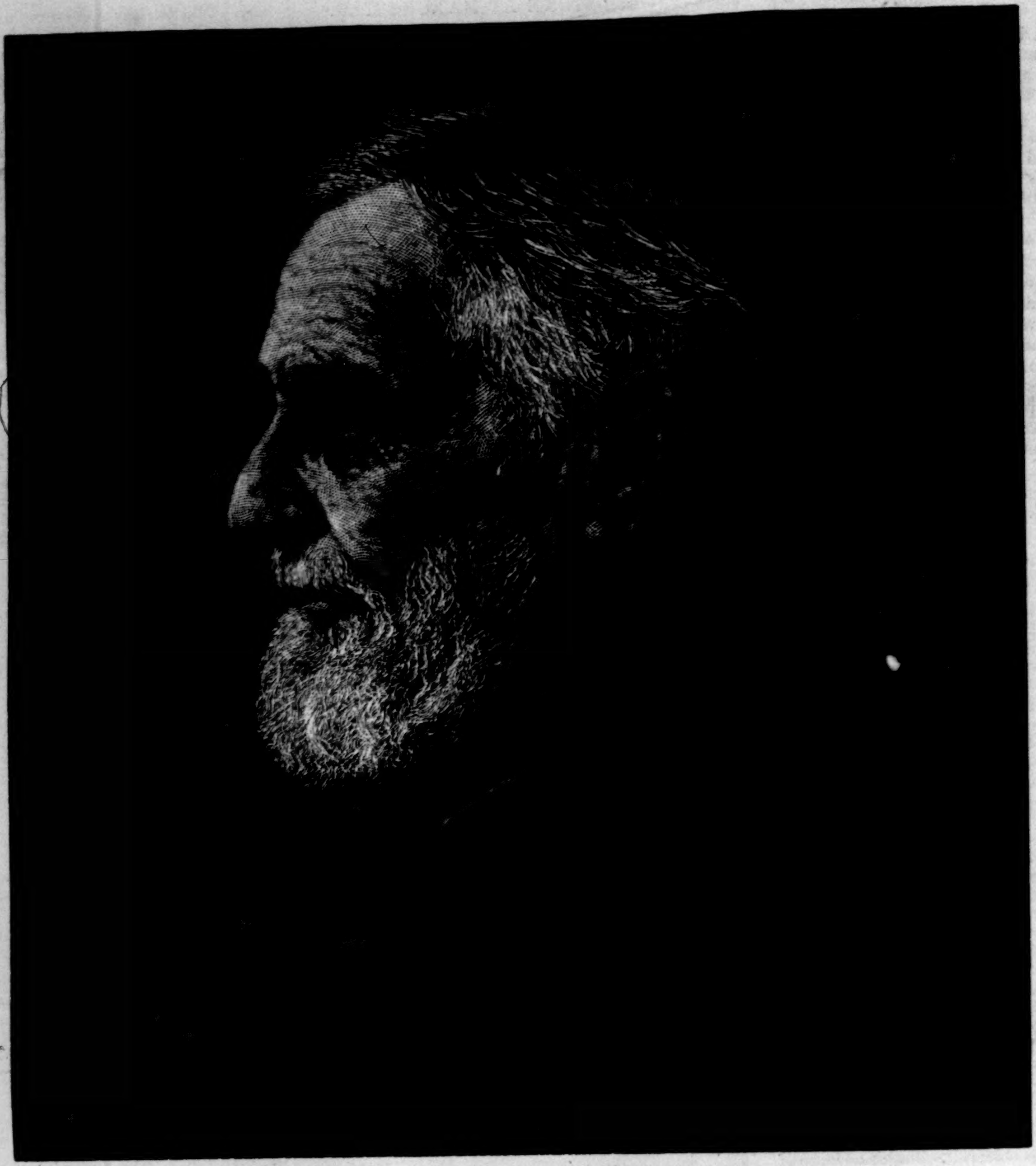
—Professor **Muirhead**, who held the chair of civil law in Edinburgh University for twenty-seven years, is dead.

—Captain **William Ledyard Ellsworth**, of Hartford, Connecticut, having made himself rich by the sale of the European right to his invention of a noiseless powder, and placed himself in the way of reaping a similar pecuniary harvest from this country, is preparing to settle down in a sort of English country-seat near the nutmeg capital.

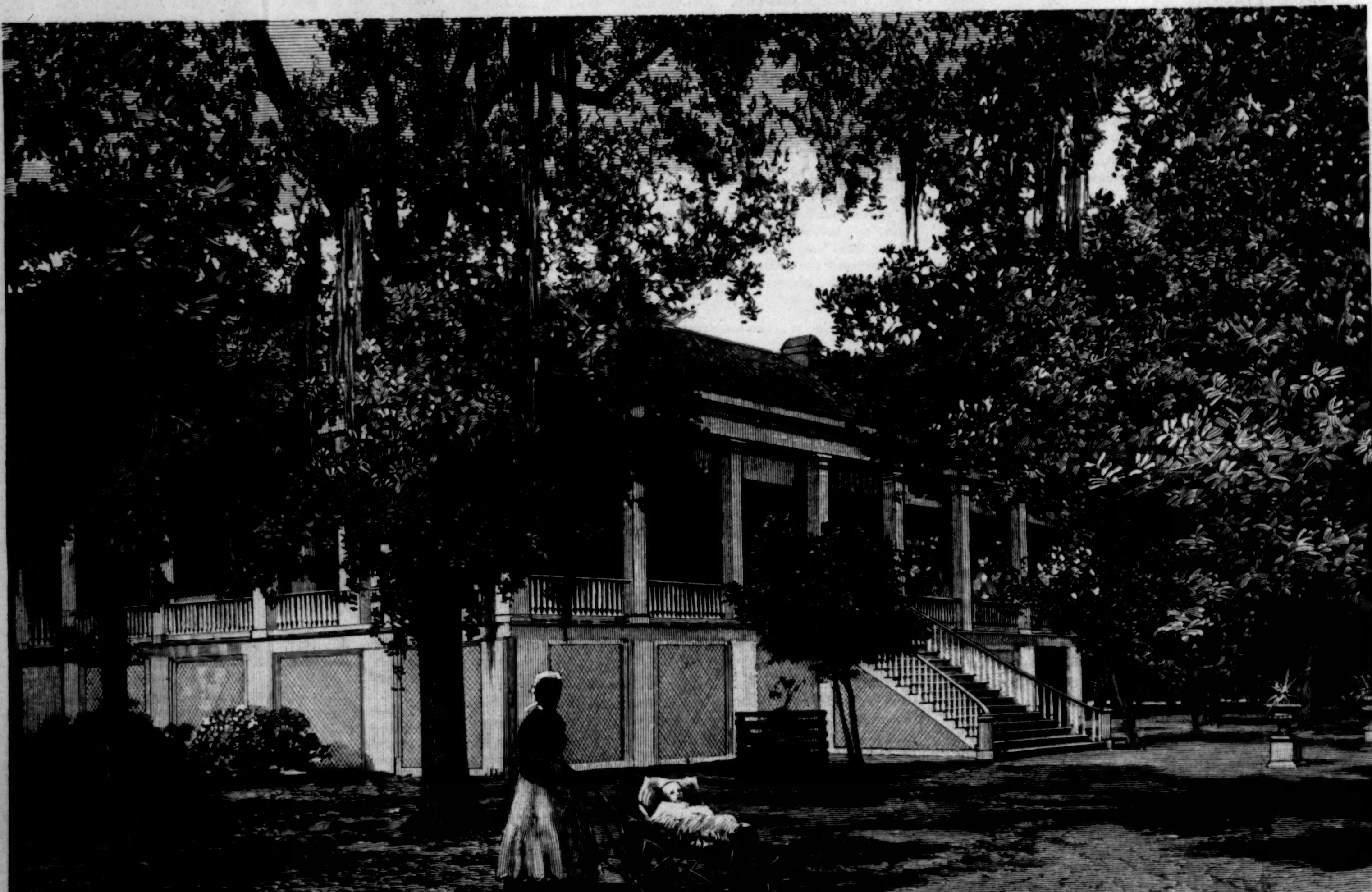
—The late **James Alexander Ruthven**, of this city, was a well-known abolitionist orator in war-times, and also wrote the words of the popular ballad, "Flag of the Free." Of late years he gained considerable reputation as a chess-player.

—Dr. **William M. Baird**, whose independent action as Speaker of the New Jersey Legislature in 1887 commended itself to honest men, however much it may have discomfited the wire manipulators of his party, has brushed the mire of politics from his feet, and is now successfully practising his profession in the upper part of this city. Dr. **Baird** is a comparatively young man. He comes of Revolutionary stock, and Jeffersonian doctrines have been too thoroughly born and bred in him to permit of his being a truckling politician of the present day.

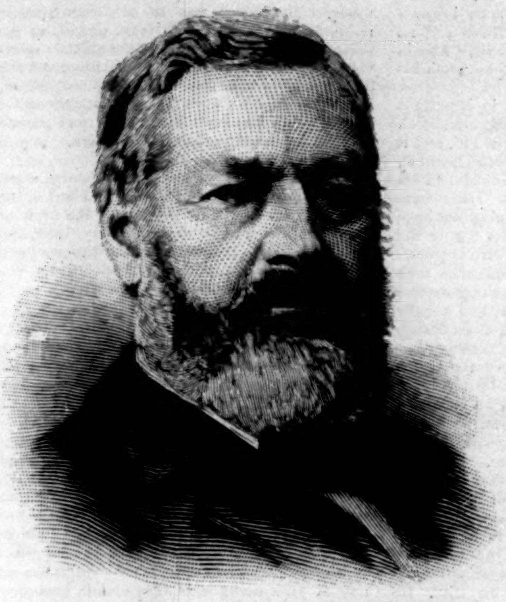
—**John Gadsby Chapman**, N.A., who died recently in Brooklyn at the age of eighty-two years, was elected an honorary member of the National Academy of Design in 1832. He was one of the earliest members of the Century Club. His versatility was remarkable. He etched many of his own pictures, and was one of our earliest illustrators of books. He designed the frontispiece and initials for **Harper's** Bible, and engraved in mezzotint; his range in art covered a wide field, embracing portraits, landscape, and figure subjects; he published a work on drawing that was a noted success. After completing his most important work, "The Baptism of Pocahontas," now in the rotunda at Washington, he went abroad, residing mostly in Rome. He continued an active contributor to the National Academy exhibitions down to 1850, and occasionally since.



THE LATE JEFFERSON DAVIS.—From a Photograph by Wilson.—[See Page 999.]



JEFFERSON DAVIS'S HOUSE AT BEAUVOIR, MISSISSIPPI.—From a Photograph by Wilson.



REV. SANFORD HUNT, D.D., SENIOR AGENT METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.—From a Photograph by Garber.

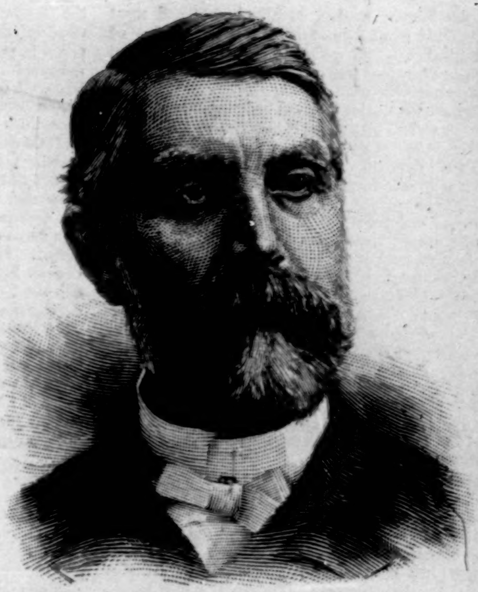
THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

Methodism was born in a university, and has never lost sight of its origin. Students more thoughtful and earnest than John and Charles Wesley, Oxford never had, nor any who profited more by the highest culture of the time and place. Anglican clergymen they were, and Anglican clergymen they remained until the end of their days. The first developed into the expository theologian and statesmanly organizer, the second into the matchless poet of the new religious movement. "Thrust out to raise a holy people," they used the press as well as the voice to accomplish that object. Sermons, tracts, pamphlets, hymnals, books—original, translated, reprinted—"thick as the leaves in Vallambrosa," fell upon the startled public. "A Christian Library," in fifty volumes of choicest practical divinity, philosophical and scientific treatises, school text-books, grammars—English, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew—histories national and ecclesiastical, and the monthly *Arminian Magazine* (1778), attest John Wesley's wonderful literary activity.

Great Britain and Ireland stood sorely in need of the Tree of Knowledge cast into the bitter waters of society. Irreligion, infidelity, and vice were flagrant and unblushing. Christianity was formal, decadent, and corrupted. Nor were the American colonies in much better condition. Their religious and moral status, subsequently impaired by the spread of French notions and practices, was such after the Revolution as to generate serious fears for the future of the republic. Methodists, beginning with Philip Embury, Captain Thomas Webb, of the British army, and Robert Strawbridge, in 1776 introduced fresh force to the church militant, and thereby marvellously modified the theology and morals of the continent. "The doctrines they preach and the discipline they enforce are, I believe, the purest of any people now in the world," wrote Francis Asbury, afterward second bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in September, 1771. At the historic Christmas Conference, by which the Church was organized at Baltimore in 1784, preliminary provision was made for the publication of books. Previously they had been imported from England. They were indispensable to evangelical success. Bishop Coke, the first General Superintendent, was particularly efficient in devising means of supply. As in Great Britain, so in the United States, the "little Benjamin" among the tribes of God's spiritual Israel was compelled to fight his way to recognition and victory. He was not in the least unwilling. Episcopalians and Congregationalists, Baptists and Presbyterians, were in the field before him. His doctrines, usages, and polity were alike new and distasteful, and provoked the warmest opposition. Money was scarce with Methodist ministers, but John Dickens somehow found and loaned $600 for the establishment of the Methodist Book Concern in Philadelphia. There, in August, 1789, was published the immortal *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis; the *Hymn-Book*, *Methodist Discipline*, *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, *Primitive Physic*, and first volume of the *Arminian Magazine*, followed in 1790 by some portions of Fletcher's *Checks to Antinomianism*. Dr. Bangs states that "the agent did all the work of editing, packing up the books, and keeping the accounts, besides doing the work of a stationed preacher." With so many and diverse duties, it is no marvel that the publishing business in his hands was not a pronounced success.

Transferred to New York in 1804, the Methodist Book Concern, after consecutive migrations to Gold, Pearl, Church, and John streets, Chatham Square, and Fulton Street, found rest in the Wesleyan Seminary, Crosby Street, in 1825. In 1816 it derived material aid from the bequest of $2000 by Bishop Asbury, to whom the money had been left as a legacy. In 1820 Bangs and Soule, the agents, commenced the publication of Benson's *Commentary* and other works, and entered into business relations with sundry publishers. The General Conference also authorized the establishment of a branch of the Book Concern at Cincinnati. Chartered by the Legislature of Ohio in 1839, it acquired coordinate rank, and has now a net capital of $739,161 18. During the quadrennium 1884–8 its sales reached the sum of $2,582,464 91. With depositories at Chicago and St. Louis, it maintains four weekly religious papers, and several others of smaller size in English, German, and other languages.

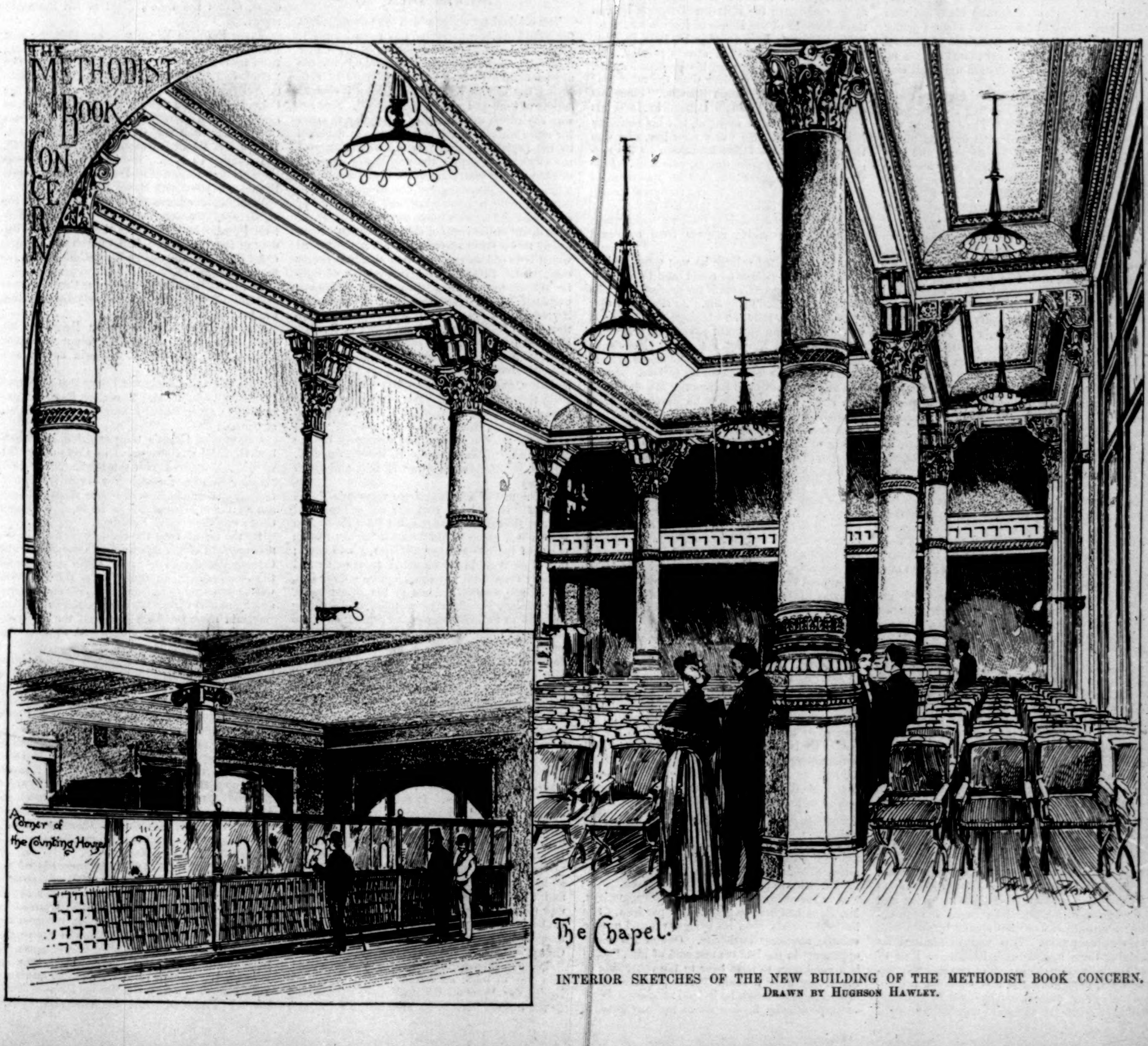
Up to 1822 the printing and binding of the Methodist Book Concern had been done by the job. Economy established a domestic bindery in that year, and a printing-office in 1824. The stereotyped plates of Clarke's *Commentary* were bought of



REV. HOMER EATON, D.D., JUNIOR AGENT METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.—From a Photograph by Brown, Burlington, Vermont.

Abraham Paul, New York, soon afterward. Business methods were sadly defective, and the accounts of ministerial agents not unfrequently in confusion, but the loyalty of the Church was heroic, and executive ability devised plans by which all affairs were conducted on sounder principles. Dr. Nathan Bangs (*History of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, Vol. IV., p. 440) says that he himself "had the entire responsibility of the establishment on his shoulders, both of editing and publishing the magazine and books, and overseeing its pecuniary and mercantile department." The weight of this burden was none the lighter because the General Conference had neglected to provide or authorize any compensation to literary contributors.

On September 9, 1826, appeared the *Christian Advocate*, New York, in sequence to *Zion's Herald*, of Boston, and other denominational papers, as the apologete of Methodist doctrines, morals, and institutions. Two years later the scope of publication was enlarged by the issue of books from the Methodist Episcopal Bible, Sunday-school, and Tract societies, as auxiliaries "in spreading Scriptural truth and holiness." Fierce assaults by Calvinistic writers in 1829 upon the Biblical criticisms of Adam Clarke and



INTERIOR SKETCHES OF THE NEW BUILDING OF THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.
Drawn by Hughson Hawley.

John Wesley evoked equally hearty and most effective defence, and multiplied the number of Methodist polemics, whose marked trait then and since is profoundest conviction that the doctrines they inculcate are true.

Enlargement of demand and resource dictated the removal of the Book Concern to new buildings at 200 Mulberry Street in September, 1833. There it prospered until February, 1836, when the entire property was consumed by fire. Net loss was not less than $250,000. Fragments of books and papers were picked up in Brooklyn, and among them the leaf of a Bible, on which the following verse was but just legible: "Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burned up with fire: and all our pleasant things are laid waste." (Isaiah, lxiv., 11.) Account and most of the registry books escaped the conflagration. Energy and hope were left. The institution was not in debt. Rebuilding began before the fire was entirely extinguished. The phœnix sprang in renewed beauty from its ashes. Subscriptions—$1000 being from a Protestant Episcopal gentleman, who testified to the usefulness of Methodist literature in the West—amounting to $89,994 98 poured in from various quarters. Twenty-five thousand dollars were realized from insurance companies, and steady efforts were made to reinvigorate the paralyzed enterprise, whose net capital was now reduced to $281,650 74. Success exceeded sanguine expectation. In connection with the Western house, it has turned out products valued at more than $50,000,000.

The next great blow endured by the Methodist Book Concern was that resulting from the organization of the Southern conferences into the Methodist Episcopal Church South in 1845. The new body sued for an equitable division of the corporate property, and received from New York $190,000 in cash, together with the Richmond, Charleston, and Nashville printing establishments, and all debts due from customers within the geographical limits of the Church South; also $80,000 from the Western Book Concern, and all debts due it from persons living in the Southern States. Besides the loss of these sums, the institution was further mulcted in the taxable costs of both suits.

Recovery from the Southern depletion was so rapid that in 1869 the elegant building known as 805 Broadway was purchased, under authority of the General Conference, for the sum of $900,000.

In 1872, when laymen became partners in management, one of their number—John M. Phillips, of Cincinnati, long and honorably identified with the Western Book Concern—was elected junior agent. Certain alleged irregularities of internal administration doubtless contributed to this innovation, which helped to restore universal confidence and peace.

The Broadway building, erected for a dry-goods mart, and unsuited to publishing requirements, was never wholly occupied. The basement was utilized for the retail trade, and portions of the second and third stories for editorial and connectional offices. The remainder was leased to James McCreery, to whom the whole was sold in the summer of 1889 for the sum of $750,000. The Book Committee not only authorized the sale of this property, but sanctioned the purchase of lots with a frontage of 104 feet 3½ inches on Fifth Avenue, and 170 feet on West Twentieth Street. With the avails of the Broadway and Mulberry Street properties, both free from debt, the present Methodist Book Concern, solidly constructed of granite, brick, and iron, has been erected in connection with the Missionary Society. Total cost, including plot, edifice, and furniture, is about $1,000,000. Thither all the editorial and connectional offices have been transferred, together with the retail business. Thither all the manufacturing facilities are in process of transfer, and with their aid it is expected that the largest demands, both in quantity and quality, will be fully met for long years to come. The edifice itself, of nine floors, including the basement, is typically Methodistic in its simplicity, strength, and stateliness. Neither superfluity of ornament nor waste of space calls for passing comment. It is severely yet joyously practical, as becomes the head-quarters of a Church numbering 2,093,395 communicants, in more or less close affiliation with more than twice that number of Methodists on the American continent. Ceremonial opening will not take place until late in the winter.

The methods of publication are necessarily peculiar to the Church. All issues are confined chiefly to a domestic market. All preachers are authorized agents. Depositories at Boston, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, San Francisco, Syracuse, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Harrisburg, and Detroit—besides those of the Western house—carry a full stock of books from the Methodist Book Concern in New York. Unity of doctrine and practice is one result, and relatively increasing patronage is another. Sales during the quadrennium ending with 1848 were $612,635 69, or less than one dollar for each of the 644,229 members; in the quadrennium closing with 1888 the sales of the Book Concerns, East and West, amounted to $6,920,743 17—over three dollars on the average for each of 2,093,395 members. Subscription to Church papers has nearly doubled in fifty years. To the 2,000,000, in round numbers, of pupils in Methodist Episcopal Sunday-schools, 2,959,950 copies of Sunday-school papers are sold annually.

While the Methodist Book Concern was founded for the dissemination of pure literature and the "spread of Scriptural holiness," it soon became a question as to what should be done with the surplus profits. This was determined by pledging them in the Sixth Restrictive Rule of the Discipline to "the benefit of travelling, supernumerary, superannuated, and worn-out preachers, their wives, widows, and children." From the year 1816, when the General Conference charged the support of the bishops upon the Book Concern, until 1872, when its successor—composed in part, and for the first time, of laymen—relegated their maintenance to the Church at large, all other claimants received but inconsiderable benefit from it. The net assets of the New York establishment, reported to the General Conference of 1888, were $1,653,197 76, showing an increase of assets, or of profits, of $1,371,547 02 since 1836. The records also show that this institution has paid, by order of the General Conference, for objects outside its own business, over $2,000,000 within the same period. This sum includes the award to the Church South, episcopal salaries and travelling expenses, dividends to the annual conferences, deficiencies in collections for expenses of delegates to the General Conference, support of local papers sanctioned by the same body, and other bills ordered to be paid by it. The two sums represent the totality of profits in fifty-two years at $3,371,547 02. Add to this a gain in assets of the Cincinnati Concern, which is nearly equal to its present capital of $739,169 18, and the total represents the profits of the two houses at more than $4,000,000. With pardonable pride, Dr. Sanford Hunt, the senior agent, remarks, "If the world has a parallel in the history of religious or benevolent publishing establishments, we have never seen the record." If unique, as it probably is, it is due to ownership of manufacturing plants, more or less careful supervision by general and local book committees, sale at prices low as those of leading houses, and in many instances lower, intrinsic value of the publications themselves, loving loyalty of the Church, and persistent co-operation of the ministry. The present list of publications includes the titles of 2753 different volumes, principally from the pens of Methodist authors. The thank-offering and dividend of $100,000 to the annual conferences in 1889 for the relief of necessitous claimants, widows, and orphans—in view of the general reluctance to augment capital beyond demonstrated need—is not likely to be less in following years.

Richard Wheatley.

SPEAKER THOMAS B. REED.

Speaker Thomas B. Reed has risen to his high place in public life against great odds. He has secured his leadership contrary to the inclination of the men who are usually counted the makers of political fortunes. His great gift is that of advocacy, and it is by his excellence in this that at the opening of the Fifty-first Congress he was made Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Reed was born October 18, 1839, in Portland, Maine, where he has always resided. He is four years younger than his predecessor, Mr. Carlisle, but two years older than the latter was when he was first chosen Speaker. Since his graduation from Bowdoin College in 1860, his career has not been eventful, but his elevation has been steady. He was a poor boy, who won the respect of his fellow-townsmen by his persistent courage in procuring an education. Fate seemed to be against him, but he was stronger than his fate. Moreover, he was fortunate enough to be born in a community that has the habit of recognizing and rewarding the high spirit which is capable of wresting success from untoward circumstances.

After he quitted college he was compelled to earn his living as best he could, and he was unable to advantageously study the profession which he had determined to pursue. At the end of four years, in April, 1864, he obtained a commission in the navy as an assistant paymaster. He held this office until November 4, 1865. Meanwhile he made good use of his time, and was admitted to the bar in the last year of his service. He began and has continued to practice law in his native city. For three years he devoted himself exclusively to the business of his clients. In 1868 and 1869 he was a member of the State House of Representatives, and in 1870 he was a member of the State Senate. In these five years he became known throughout Maine as an exceedingly clever advocate, and on the conclusion of his term as Senator he was elected Attorney-General. He held this office until 1872, and then returned to his private practice. Two years later he was chosen City Solicitor of Portland, and was the legal adviser and advocate of his native city for five years. At the end of that period, in 1877, he entered Federal politics, having been elected a member of the United States House of Representatives. He is now in his thirteenth year of service in that body, for he has been elected a member of the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, and Fifty-first Congresses. He has not always had an easy task in securing his seat, for the opposition candidate has once or twice come very near to defeating him. The laboring-men have done their utmost to compass his downfall, and the leaders of his own party have not been enthusiastic in his behalf. He is not a man who wears any one else's collar gracefully. He speaks his mind very freely, and he has occasionally uttered sentiments that some of his party associates have felt themselves called upon to explain away. One of them said, in a not very remote campaign, "We have hard work to pull Reed through." From this it may be judged that the new Speaker is not as loyal to the ruling power in Maine as that power would like the Congressman from the Portland district to be.

As a member of the House of Representatives, Mr. Reed has been a pugnacious partisan. His leadership rests upon his cynical wit and upon a voluble readiness in debate. One of his minor opponents in the late contest said of him, "Reed is a good man to send over to the other side of the House after a scalp." His partisanship is intense, and although he is fond of many a Democrat personally, he can never see any good in Democratic principles or theories. He even suspected that Mr. Carlisle's well-known fairness was a subtle Democratic trick. There was no Congressman whom he liked better than Abram S. Hewitt, and yet no one suffered more from his keen and relentless tongue.

He has infrequently taken part in important discussions. Perhaps his most elaborate speech was delivered against the Mills tariff bill, and it was a serious disappointment to all who heard it, and who had based their judgment of him on his brilliant retorts and short sallies. These were among the wittiest and most convincing that have been heard in Washington, at least during the present generation of public men. He is probably the author of more quotable epigrams than any of his colleagues, not even excepting the late Mr. S. S. Cox, whose wit, however, was usually more genial than that of the man from Maine. His intense Republicanism makes him an extreme protectionist, an ardent defender of the rights and privileges of corporations, while the influence of his birthplace makes him an enemy of the silver dollar and the strong friend of the national bank system. He believes in the policy of subsidizing steam-ship lines. His committees will be made up with a view to the advancement and strengthening of all these ideas. For some time the rules of the House have been the chief object of his attacks, and he has unsparingly ridiculed the theory that they are made for the protection of the minority against the encroachments and oppression of the majority. He is of the opinion that the majority should have its way, no matter what it may desire, and he is bold and self-confident enough to take any responsibility in the way of declaring closure that the House may put upon him. He has had little experience in administering parliamentary law, and in the light of precedent, some of his rulings may be found to be startling.

Aside from politics, Mr. Reed is a genial, scholarly gentleman. He loves a quiet corner in the Congressional Library with a book, or a chat with a companionable man. He is fond of basking in the serene philosophy of Emerson. They who know him best pronounce him a thoroughly good fellow.

Physically he is very big—tall and rotund. His head is large and dome-shaped. Henry Irving said that he looked like the Stratford bust of Shakespeare.

THE NEW AQUEDUCT—THE SODOM DAM.

The original act under which the new aqueduct for New York is constructed was passed June 1, 1883. It is entitled, "An act to provide new reservoirs, dams, and a new aqueduct, with the appurtenances thereto, for the purpose of supplying the city of New York with an increased supply of pure and wholesome water." This act was the direct outgrowth of a popular demand for more water. Early in 1883 it was declared by the Legislature that "by the insufficiency of the city's water supply the people are deprived of the ordinary conveniences of domestic life, the public health is endangered, the security of property from fire is diminished, and the pursuit of commerce and manufactures is retarded." There is no doubt of the truth of this declaration. Now, nearly seven years after it was made, the tunnel which is to convey the increased supply is nearly completed. In 1882 the Commissioner of Public Works presented a plan which had been prepared by the chief engineer of the Croton Aqueduct. A year later it attracted the attention of the Legislature, and the Mayor of the city, Hon. Franklin Edson, was requested to select and appoint five citizens, "who, in conjunction with himself, should examine and report" to the Legislature, "as to the practicability of the proposed plan, the probable cost, the time required for its execution, and such other views and recommendations as they may deem proper." The members of the committee appointed by the Mayor were, Hon. Orlando B. Potter, John T. Agnew, William Dowd, Amos R. Eno, and Hugh N. Camp.

The report of this committee was made March 7, 1883. It declared that the water supply of the city should continue to come from the Croton water-shed, which would be adequate for all the needs of the city for twenty-five years to come; that from it could be obtained more easily and cheaply than from any other source a daily supply of 250,000,000 gallons in the driest years. The present aqueduct is capable of delivering from 95 to 98 millions per day when pushed to its utmost, though it should not carry nearly that amount. The committee spoke of two plans for impounding the waters of the shed, concerning which they differed in opinion. The flow of the shed is variable, and it is therefore essential that storage reservoirs should be built, in which the floods of spring and high-water periods may be impounded, or stored, in anticipation of the summer and autumn droughts. There are already storage reservoirs at Boyd's Corners, Middle Branch, and Lake Mahopac, and at other small lakes. These, altogether, have a capacity of 8,586,000,000 gallons. It was deemed essential by the committee to increase the number of these storage reservoirs for the then existing demands, by a capacity of at least 4,000,000,000 gallons. It was evident that the needs of the city, as water is used and wasted here, were 100,000,000 gallons a day; that they would soon exceed this, and that in constructing a new aqueduct and new reservoirs provision should be made for the probable future requirements of the city. It was therefore determined that all the water of the Croton water-shed should be made available.

Two plans for storing the water were suggested. One was to build an immense dam at Quaker Bridge, far down the Croton Valley, which would be the largest work of its kind in the world, and which would impound 32,000,000,000 gallons of water. The other was to construct smaller reservoirs in the Croton River at and above the present Croton Dam. One of the smaller reservoirs was to be near Brewster's Station, and the Sodom double reservoir, now nearly completed, is the first effective work for increasing the water supply which has been undertaken and pushed forward by the Aqueduct Commission. It will be finished in a year.

The first public hearing on the proposed aqueduct was held in August, 1883. The plans of the Commissioner of Public Works for the route of the conduit were adopted in February, 1884, and the public hearings concerning the aqueduct and its dimensions were closed in April, 1884. The plans of the route were afterward slightly modified, and the grade line was elevated ten feet. Commissioners of appraisal of property taken for the aqueduct were appointed in September, 1884, and bids for construction were opened and announced in December. During the winter that followed the contractors transported and set up their machinery at the shafts, and from that time the work has gone on almost constantly day and night at the shafts, portals, and open cuts, and the tunnel would have been completed before this if the frauds of some of the contractors had not been discovered. Indeed the tunnel itself is now finished, with the exception of remedying the defects caused by the frauds, the nature of which will be described hereafter. The contractors are now at work doing what they should have done in constructing the tunnel, and for which they have been paid. Enough money has been retained by the commissioners from the amounts due to compel the contractors to make good their agreements.

Under date of January 7, 1887, Hon. James C. Spencer predicted the completion of the work "for the use of the city before the close of the year 1888, including the gate-houses and their connections; and," he continued, "I am in great hopes that we may also construct and complete the dams and reservoirs near Brewster's Station, in Putnam County, named by you [the Aqueduct Commissioners] as the East Branch Reservoir, and also the Muscoot dam and reservoir, in Westchester County, before the close of the year 1888."

This was a very sanguine forecast, however. The tunnel is now, 1889, still incomplete, and though it might have been finished, as I have said, but for the frauds, it was impossible to complete the pipe line from One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street to the Central Park Reservoir, or the dams, within the time limited in Mr. Spencer's report.

Mayor Franklin Edson was, *ex officio*, the first President of the Aqueduct Commission, serving from its organization to January 1, 1885. The "Aqueduct Act" of 1883 named the commissioners. Besides the Mayor, the Comptroller and the Commissioner of Public Works were named as commissioners *ex officio*. Allan Campbell was Comptroller from the organization to August 1, 1883, and S. Hastings Grant from August 4, 1883, to December 10, 1884. Hubert O. Thompson was the first Commissioner of Public Works to serve. His term expired with Mayor Edson's.

With these officers there were named in the act James C. Spencer, George W. Lane, and William Dowd. Mr. Dowd was the first Vice-President of the commission, B. S. Church was the first Chief Engineer, and James W. McCulloch was the first Secretary.

The plans were furnished by the Commissioner of Public Works, the water supply being within the jurisdiction of his office.

Commissioner Lane dying on December 30, 1883, on January 9, 1884, Governor Cleveland appointed Christopher C. Baldwin as his successor.

Soon after this Alphonse Freley was appointed Principal Assistant and Executive Engineer, and Henry S. Craven was appointed Engineer of Construction.

Comptroller Grant's term expiring in December, 1884, he was succeeded by Comptroller Edward V. Loew, and with the beginning of 1885 Mayor Edson was succeeded by Mayor William R. Grace, and Commissioner of Public Works Thompson by Commissioner Rollin M. Squire. Mayor Grace was the second President.

By the act of 1886 the State intervened in the management of the aqueduct, and the Mayor and Comptroller ceased to be *ex officio* members of the commission. In their places the Governor was empowered to appoint three commissioners, and he named Oliver W. Barnes, Edgar L. Ridgway, and Hamilton Fish, Jun. Of the newly organized commission, Mr. James C. Spencer was elected President.

In July, 1886, John C. Sheehan was appointed Secretary of the commission in place of James W. McCulloch, who was made a special assistant to the Chief Engineer. On September 1 General John Newton became Commissioner of Public Works in place of Rollin M. Squire.

These gentlemen constituted the personnel of the commission until its reorganization in 1888. It was the commission thus composed that decided upon the line of the aqueduct and awarded the contracts. The new commission has compelled the contractors to make good the frauds, and has pushed the Sodom Reservoir toward completion, with a view of increasing the city's water supply.

Up to January 1, 1887, the proceeds of the sales of "Additional Water Stock" amounted to $7,717,443, and the expenditures were $7,503,310.

The work has been of the great engineering accomplishments of our day, and its progress has been closely watched by members of the profession everywhere. The aqueduct tunnel, now nearly completed, has been built for almost 30 miles through the valleys of the Pocantico and Saw-Mill rivers, and across the Harlem River. When the old Croton Aqueduct was finished in 1842, it was regarded as one of the most important works of its kind in the world. It is of masonry, 40¼ miles long, 7 feet 5 inches in its widest part, and 8 feet 5¼ inches high. For many years the High Bridge, on which the water is conducted over the Harlem River, has been one of the sights of the town.

The new aqueduct is a tunnel, partly subterranean and partly in open cuts. It does not pass over the Harlem River on a bridge, but the water is carried under the river by what is called an inverted siphon. It runs to the city in a straighter line than that of the old aqueduct, deviating very slightly from an air line. The total length of the tunnel is 29.63 miles, and of the aqueduct in open trench, 1.12 miles. The masonry tunnel ends at a gate-house at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street, and from there the water is carried to the distributing reservoirs by a pipe line. The total length of the tunnel from the Croton Dam to the gate-house at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street is 30.75 miles, and from the Croton Lake gate-house to the Central Park gate-house the distance is 33.12 miles. The fall of water from the lake to One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street is 25 feet, and to the Central Park Reservoir, 34.39 feet.

How much greater is the work than that which the city celebrated in 1842 is shown by the size and capacity of the tunnel. The height of the old aqueduct is 8 feet 5¼ inches. For nearly 23 miles the new tunnel is built in the form of a horseshoe. The top is a half-circle arch supported by curved sides, the floor being a slightly curved invert. The roof, wall, and floor are of brick, and the space between the outside of the brick-work and the line of excavation is filled with solid rubble masonry. It was in this part of the work that the recently discovered frauds were committed. The dishonest contractors left great spaces, sometimes of many hundred feet, either entirely empty or else half filled. Fig. 1 shows very clearly the character of the frauds that were perpetrated upon the city. The men are sitting on the roof of the tunnel in the space which should be filled in with substantial stone rubble-work. The value of this packing consists in the protection afforded to the roof of the tunnel from falling rocks. The space about the tunnel is of course irregular—it is the surface left after the blasting—and the space above the tunnel varies in height from a few inches to 7 or 8 feet. The packing is put in as the building of the arch proceeds, and the fraud was generally committed at the key. At this point the mason lies prone and works backward to the opening, filling in the space as he proceeds, so that inspection is very difficult and cheating is easy. Precisely the same kind of frauds was perpetrated in Washington, resulting in the punishment of the engineer officer in charge, who suffered for the offence of some of his subordinates. As has been already said, although the contractors were paid for this fraudulent work as though it were substantial masonry, ten per cent. of their payments was reserved, which is amply sufficient to secure the city and to compel the contractors to fill up the cavities which they have left with good rubble masonry. The loss of the city is to be measured by the delay involved in the construction of the aqueduct, and by the salaries of engineers, clerks, etc., which would have been cut off at the completion of the tunnel.

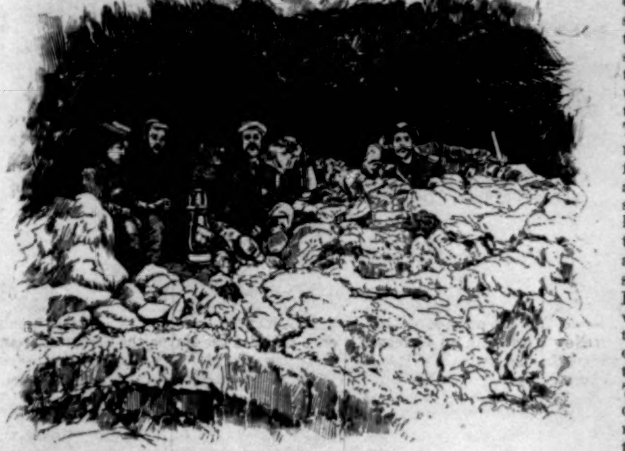


Fig. 1.—FAULTY CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW AQUEDUCT.

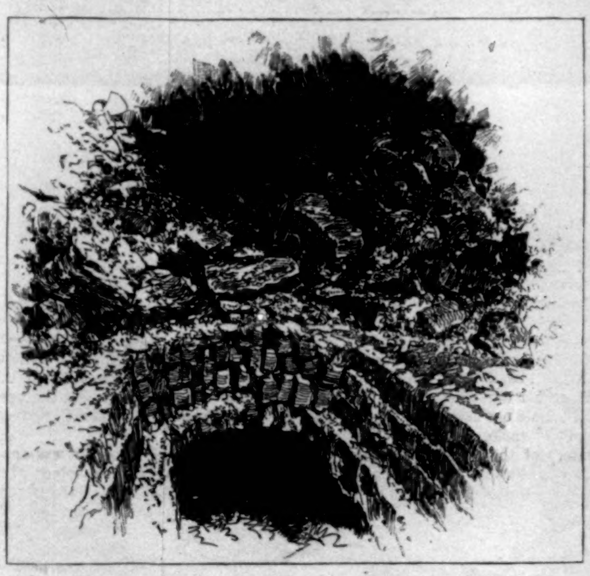


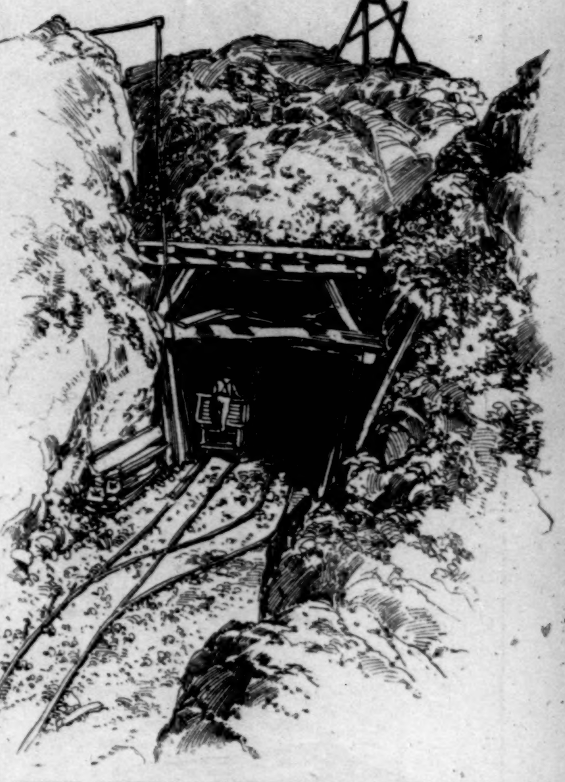
Fig. 2.—FAULTY CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW AQUEDUCT.

This horseshoe tunnel is 13 feet 6.36 inches high—more than 5 feet higher than the old aqueduct; it is 13 feet 7.2 inches wide. There are nearly 7 miles of circular tunnel 12 feet 3 inches in diameter. The forced capacity of the present aqueduct is little less than 100,000,000 gallons a day: it probably should not be called upon for more than 75,000,000 gallons. The new aqueduct will be capable of bringing to the city the whole supply of the Croton water-shed—250,000,000 in dry years and more—and with it New York will possess the means of a water supply considerably above 400,000,000 a day—enough for a population nearly three times as great as that of to-day, provided the people of New York could be induced to abstain from wasting the water. The city demands an allowance of 100 gallons a day per capita, and although this is a large amount, it is not so large as the supply of Washington, District of Columbia, which is 175 gallons, and still the people of the capital clamor for more. It seems to be impossible to induce the people of this country to restrict themselves by the use of water meters. If meters should ever be used, it is highly probable that the consumption of water in our great cities would fall to somewhere in the neighborhood of 50 gallons to the individual. Then the new aqueduct and reservoirs would supply a city of 8,000,000 people without calling upon the Bronx River pipe line.

The new aqueduct begins at the present Croton Dam, substantially at the place where the old aqueduct starts. The latter runs with the Croton River in a westerly and southwesterly direction until the head of Croton Bay is reached, and then it runs southerly through the valley of the Hudson to Yonkers. At this point it continues easterly, crossing the Saw-Mill River. The new aqueduct runs directly away from the Croton, and continues in a straight line southerly. East of Yonkers the two approach, and continue side by side until Jerome Park is reached, where it is proposed to build a new reservoir for the distribution of about 70,000,000 gallons daily to the annexed region. There the two aqueducts cross, the new tunnel crossing under the Harlem River at a point north of the High Bridge. A profile of the new tunnel shows the character of the work which has been done by the contractors, and in a measure the achievements of the engineers connected with the commission. Thirty-two principal shafts were sunk, and the headings were made both ways from each shaft. The depth of these shafts varies from 22 feet to 419.7 feet. The latter is Shaft 25 in the Harlem River; the former is 17½, which is not far from the point at which the two aqueducts approach back of Yonkers. Of the 32 principal shafts and the subordinate shafts, 28 will be left open. They will be needed whenever the tunnel is to be cleaned or repaired.

The tunnel proceeds on a grade of 0.7 of a foot to the mile from Croton Lake gate-house to Gould's Swamp, which dips below the grade line and obstructs the direct course of the tunnel. This swamp is southeast of Tarrytown, and near Glenville. In the mean time the tunnel has passed under the range of hills which makes the southerly limit of the Croton water-shed, and which rises abruptly from the lake and then descends gradually to the Pocantico River, where the aqueduct reaches the surface, and where there is an open portal. Then the line proceeds under the hills to Gould's Swamp, which is passed by an inverted siphon, the grade of fall being 15 per cent., the rise to the former grade being perpendicular. The work was carried on in this northern part of the conduit through hard rock, and much difficulty was experienced, a great many timber supports being required.

From Gould's Swamp the tunnel passes through the hills back of Tarrytown and Irvington, under the Saw-Mill River, near Ardsley, until it reaches the surface again at Tibbet's Brook, where there is another open portal. This is near South Yonkers, just north of the point of approach of the old and new conduits. The tunnel under the Saw-Mill River was driven through sandy clay. This was a very difficult piece of work. The ground near and about Ardsley was about the most treacherous that was encountered. South of the Saw-Mill River some weak lime rock was met, and beyond this there were two serious fissures of red clay, water, and sand. These broke in, filling the tunnel, and necessitating a good deal of construction for holding the troublesome mass until the masonry could be built. There was a good deal of micaceous gneiss and mica-schist south of this to the Harlem River, and in one place the disintegrated talcose rock was so heavy as to require a good deal of timbering, and subsequently extra heavy masonry. As the work progressed, additional shafts were sunk to meet the problems that developed and could not have been foreseen. Thus there were 11 B at Gould's Swamp, 12 B at Saw-Mill River crossing, 13½ and 15½ at Ardsley, etc.


TUNNEL CONNECTING UPPER AND LOWER RESERVOIRS.

From the open portal at Tibbet's Brook the tunnel runs almost to Shaft 20, near the point at which the two aqueducts cross. It then dips below the surface, and continues on to the Harlem River. The surface of the earth from Shaft 20 to the Harlem River is very nearly on a level with the grade line of the conduit from the lake to the shaft. The Harlem River siphon falls to a depth of 307 feet below mean high water. It is circular, and is 10 feet 6 inches in diameter. The siphon at Gould's Swamp is 14 feet 3 inches in diameter. The capacity of the aqueduct below Shaft 20 is 68,000,000 gallons per day less than the capacity north of the shaft.

From the Harlem the tunnel runs to the gate-house at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street, which is on the northerly side of Manhattan Valley. Thence the water is carried by a pipe line (eight pipes, each pipe 48 inches in diameter) into the city, four of the pipes reaching the reservoir in Central Park, the other four branching off. The old aqueduct will also be carried into the One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street gate-house, and from there the water will go to the present pipe line in Tenth Avenue, or into the eight pipes which are more intimately connected with the great vault of the new aqueduct.

North of Shaft 21 the capacity of the new aqueduct is 318,000,000 gallons a day. The 68,000,000 gallons that are not carried into the One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street gate-house are, as has been said, for the consumption of the annexed district, and are to be distributed from the proposed reservoir at Jerome Park. This reservoir, however, is not to be built at once. At present the Bronx River pipe line, which carries water from Kensico Lake to the reservoir back of Williams Bridge, affords a sufficient supply. The capacity of that line is 20,000,000 gallons a day.

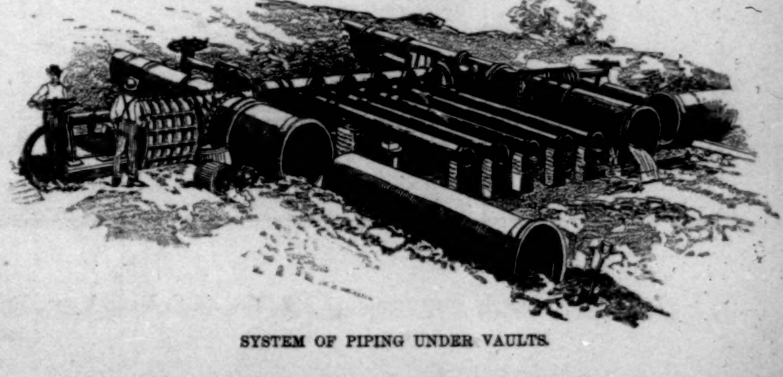
This is the conduit through which the additional supply of water will be brought into the city. Precisely how all the water of the Croton shed is to be made available is still a problem. When the present commissioners entered upon their office very little had been accomplished in this direction. The committee of citizens who reported concerning the Quaker Bridge Dam were not agreed as to the advisability of this enormous structure, but the Department of Public Works favored it, and so did the majority of the old commissioners. So late as 1888, however, there were not enough data for the beginning of the dam, and, moreover, it was deemed essential that further investigations should be made as to the merits of the proposition. In the mean time no provision had been made for the increased supply of water, which the city authorities, the State Legislature, and a select committee of citizens had five years before determined to be necessary. The tunnel and the pipe line were almost ready to transport the water to the distributing reservoirs, but the additional water had not been gathered. There was no knowing how long it would take to build the Quaker Bridge Dam, nor how much it would cost; nor was it plain that it was best to build the dam at all.

In the mean time the city wanted water, and therefore the commissioners determined that they would build the storage dam at Sodom, near Brewster's Station, and would follow it with two others, one at Titicus River, south of Sodom, and a third on the West Branch of the Croton, near the storage reservoir at Boyd's Corners, to the northwest. While the work at Sodom has been going on, the Department of Public Works has been building a dam on the Muscoot River—not that, however, which will be referred to as the Muscoot Dam. By these dams the city's supply of water will be greatly augmented, and, in the mean time, the question of the dam near the mouth of the Croton will be determined. There is no doubt that a new dam will be built below the present structure, but whether it will be at Quaker Bridge or between there and the Croton Dam is a question which has not yet been decided.

The Croton water-shed, all of which is to be made available, covers an area of 361.82 square miles. It is partly in Westchester and partly in Putnam County. The course of the river is southwesterly, and a number of streams run into it from the east and the west. Among these streams are Beaver Dam Brook, Muscoot River, Titicus River, and the East, West, and Middle branches of the Croton. There are several ponds and lakes in the region, chief among them is Lake Mahopac, the waters of which are already used by the city.

It has been stated that storage reservoirs are especially needed in making available this water supply, on account of the great variation in the flow, which fluctuates from 10,000,000 gallons a day to more than 7,000,000,000 gallons in a freshet. The projectors of the great Quaker Bridge Dam determined that expediency demanded the immediate construction of the work, because it would give to the city a minimum of 250,000,000 gallons a day, while, so they contended, the minimum of the storage reservoirs without the large dam would furnish a minimum of 175,000,000 gallons. The plan was changed, because it was essential, in the opinion of the present commissioners, that the city's supply of water should be increased before the Quaker Bridge Dam, or any dam below the present Croton Dam, could be finished. Therefore the commissioners have pushed the work on the Sodom Reservoir, which is illustrated in the accompanying drawings.

The principal dam of this work is situated near Brewster's Station, Putnam County, on the New York City and Northern and the Harlem railroads. It is on the East Branch of the Croton River.


SYSTEM OF PIPING UNDER VAULTS.

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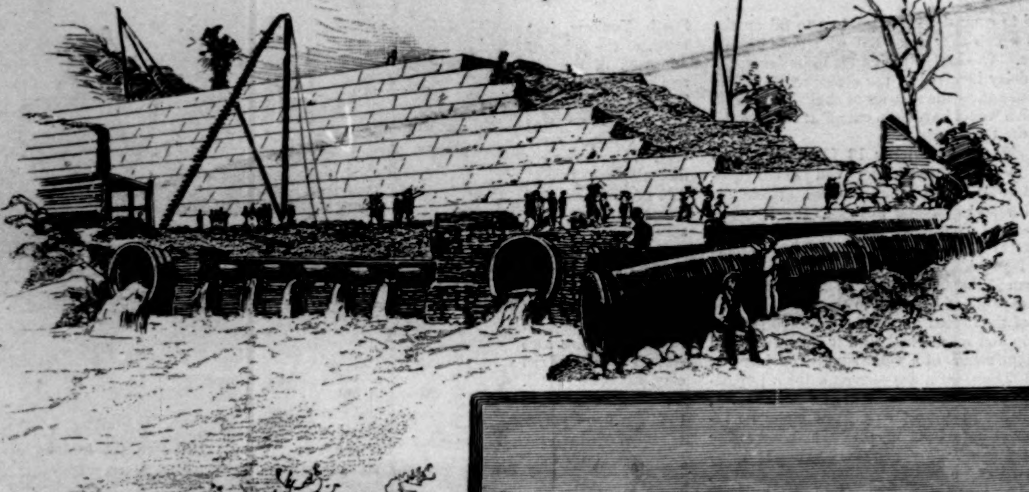

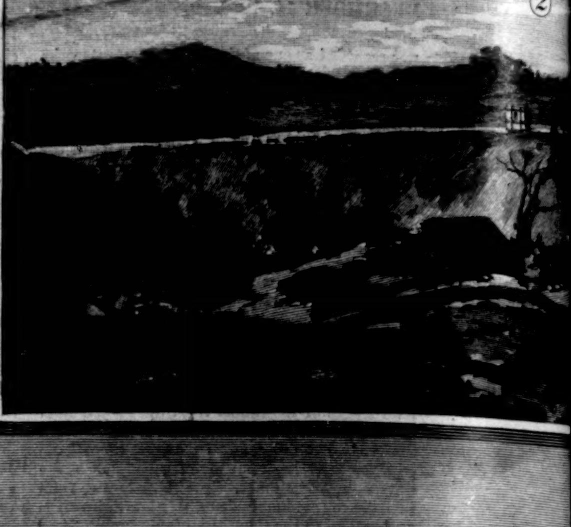

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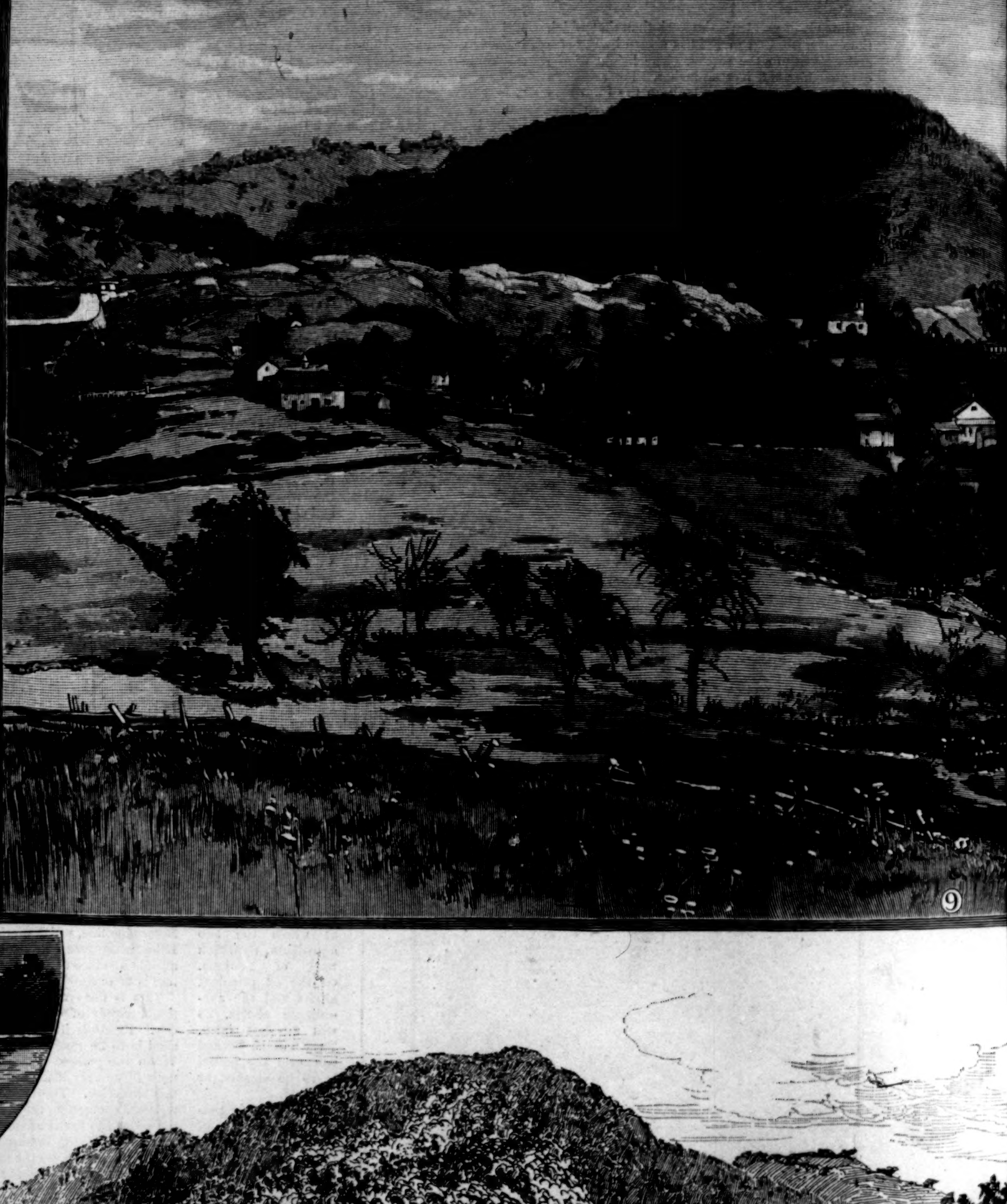

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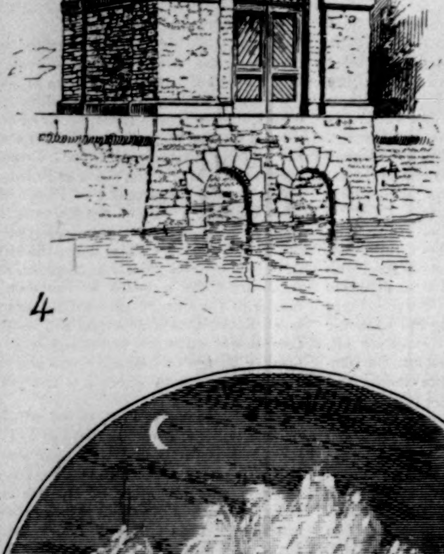

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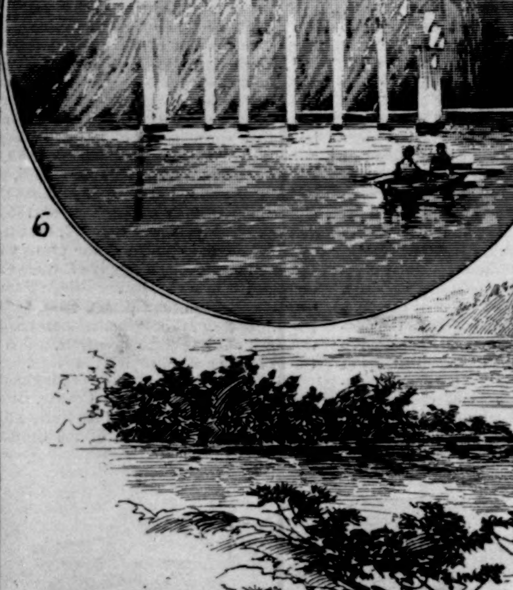

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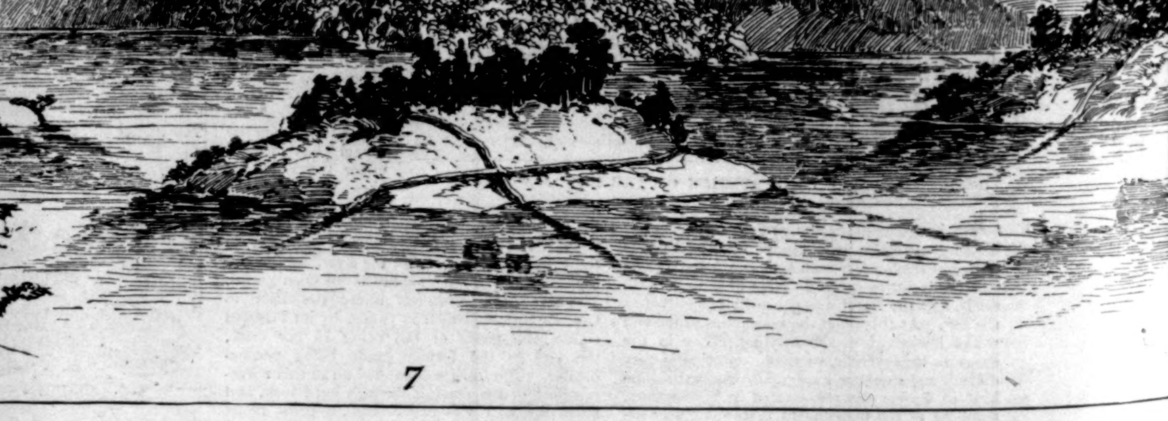

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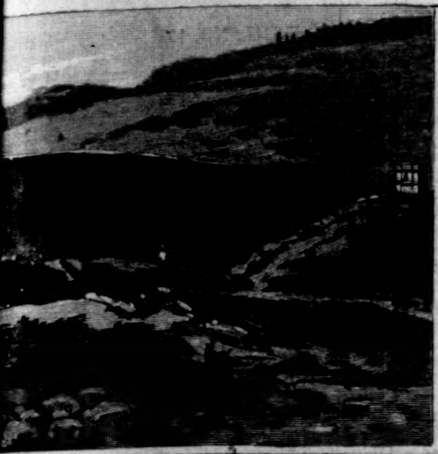
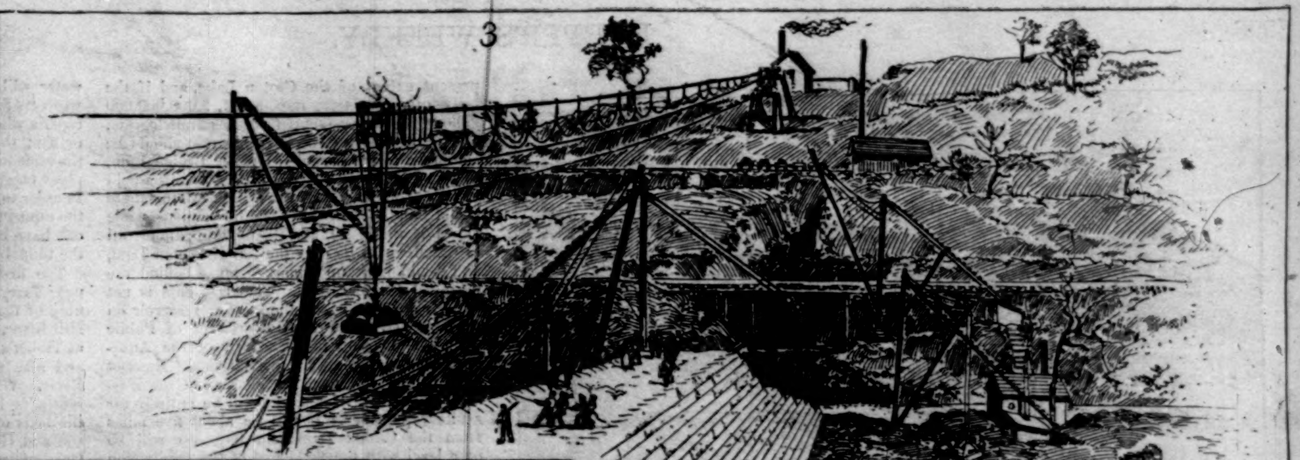
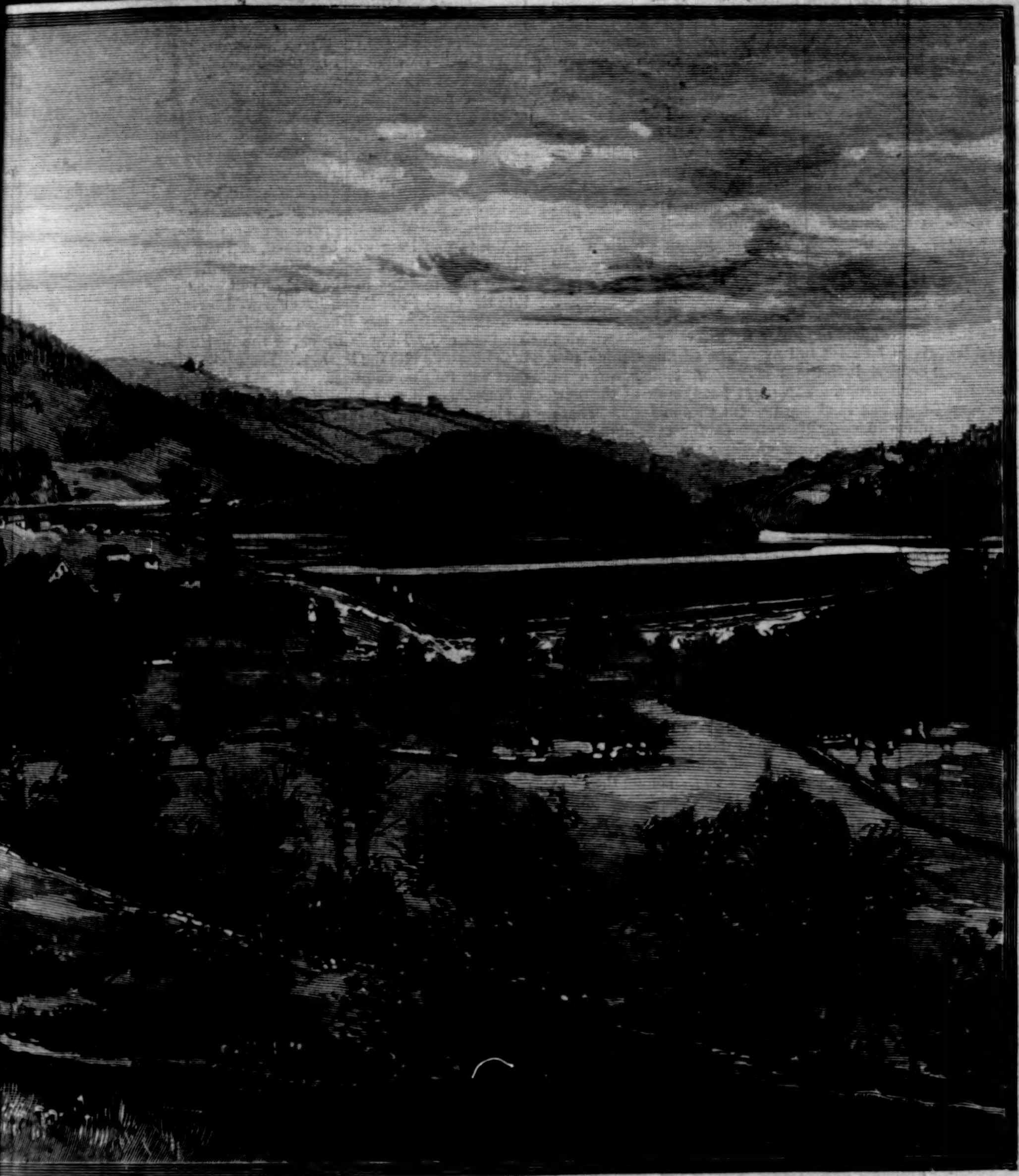
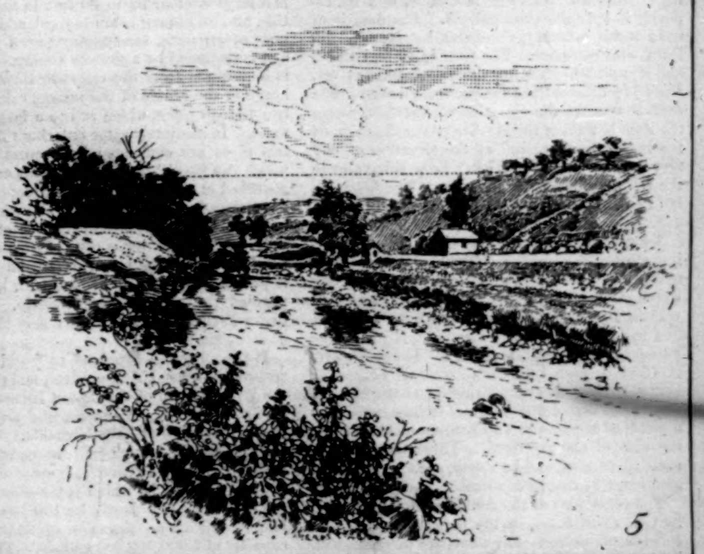
SKETCHES ALONG THE LINE OF THE NEW CROT

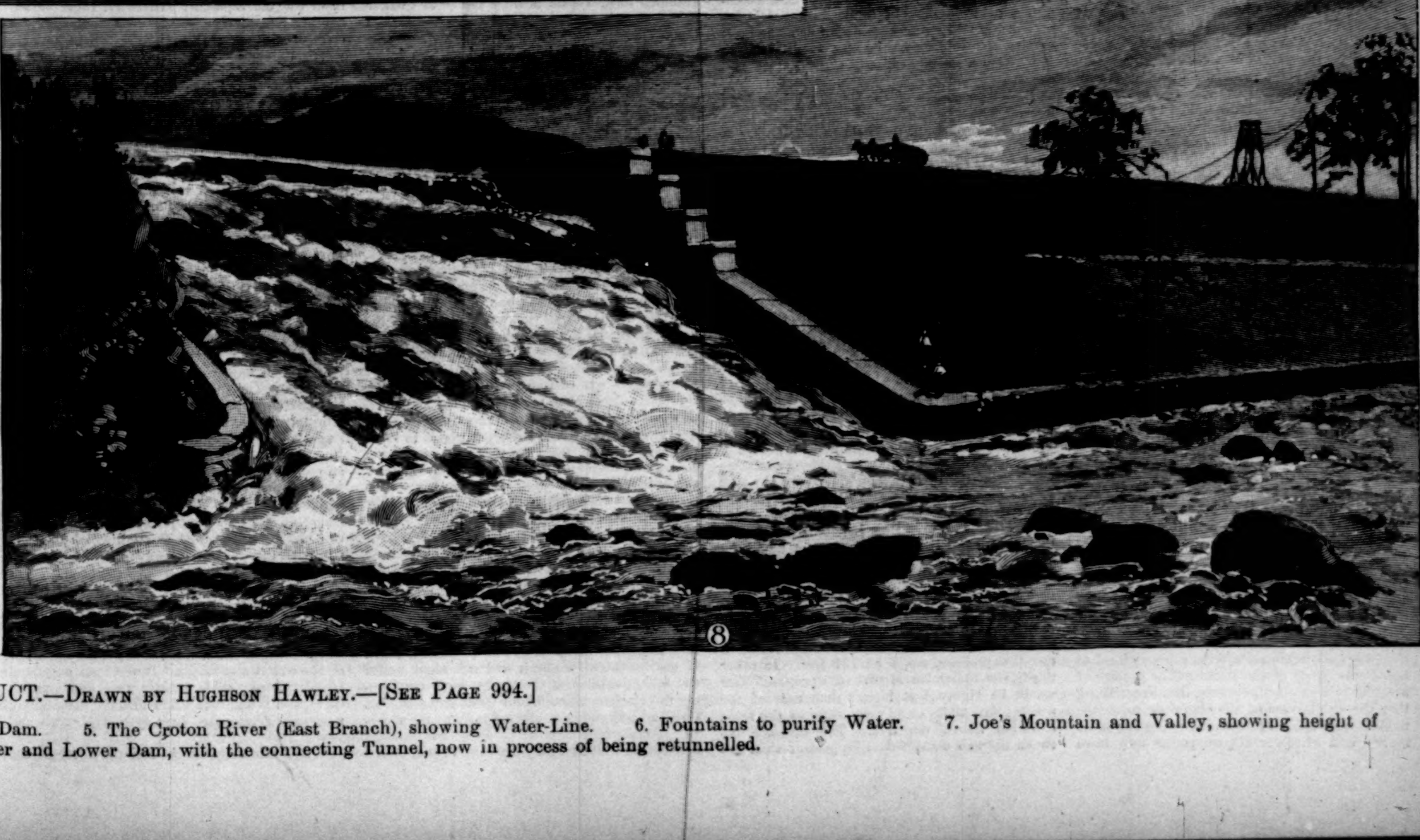
1. Masonry Dam in construction. 2. The Earth Dam, Upper Reservoir. 3. View of the Works, looking toward the New England Railroad. 4. A Gate-Hou
Lake when filled. 8. Spillway at the Lower Earth Dam. 9. A General View of the Vall





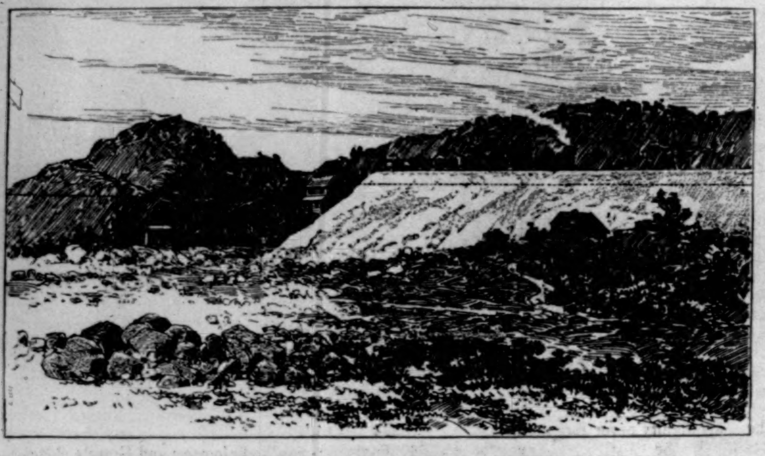






ROTON AQUEDUCT.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 994.]

House on the Upper Dam. 5. The Croton River (East Branch), showing Water-Line. 6. Fountains to purify Water. 7. Joe's Mountain and Valley, showing height of Valley, showing Upper and Lower Dam, with the connecting Tunnel, now in process of being retunnelled.



THE NEW VIADUCT FOR NEW ENGLAND RAILROAD, SHOWING WATER-LINE, ------.

There are two water-sheds. To the east of the water-shed of the Croton branch is the shed of Bug Brook and Everett's Brook. In this shed is Kishowana Lake, or Mud Pond, with an area of about 23½ acres. This lake is about a mile from the masonry dam, which will impound the waters of the East Branch.

The masonry dam is a very substantial structure, and is built across the river at a slight bend, so that its up-stream elevation makes a slight angle with the river. The height of the dam is 78 feet, and its length is 500 feet. The elevation of the crest of the dam is 415 feet above the tide, and of the driveway, 425 feet. This is higher than any other reservoir built or proposed, except that at Boyd's Corners, which is 600 feet high. But the reservoir is double, and its capacity is 9,000,000,000 gallons. The dam is of solid stone masonry, the faces handsomely finished with cut stone. The base is 47 feet thick, and is sunk 10 feet below the bottom of the river. For 40 feet the batter runs back on an even grade until it reaches the elevation of 387 feet, where the dam is 20 feet thick. There the direction of the batter changes, and at the elevation of 407 feet the dam is 13 feet thick. From this point to the top the line is perpendicular. The flood line is 419 feet, the flow line being, as already stated, 415.

Very nearly at right angles with this, and agreeing generally with the contour of the present mill-pond, is an earth dam with a rubble core, which is joined by the overfall at the head of the spillway. The rubble core rests upon hard-pan, and its base is bedded in selected material. The slopes of the overfall are 2 to 1. The earth dam is 425 feet high, and the overfall is 415. The spillway slopes away from this for about 200 feet to an elevation of 405 feet, and is then carried by a series of terraces to an elevation of 350 feet at the side of the river-bed. These terraces rest upon earth, clay, and hard-pan, each bench being supported by dry rubble-work.

The other part of the double reservoir is made by two earth dams, in the basin of which Mud Pond is the centre. The dams are of earth, with rubble cores. The inner slopes are 2 to 1, and the up-stream face is paved to an elevation of 410 feet. The other slopes are 2½ to 1. The rubble core of No. 1 is 10 feet wide at the base and 4 feet at the top. The crest of the dam is 25 feet broad. The core rests on hard-pan and compact ground. Dam No. 2 is smaller, but built in substantially the same manner. The core is from 4 to 2½ feet wide, and rests on clay and hard material.

These two earth dams make a reservoir very much larger than is necessary for the impounding of the waters of the small shed in which they are built, while the waters of the shed of the East Branch of the Croton demand a larger space than that which lies behind the masonry dam. The two reservoirs are therefore united by a connecting tunnel, by means of which the surplus waters impounded by the masonry dam when the reservoir is full are carried back into the reservoir made by the earth dams. Earth Dam No. 1, which faces northerly, bends to meet the tunnel, which runs westerly, and at its end is a gate-house, which admits or excludes the water into or from the reservoir. The tunnel is 10 feet in diameter, and its elevation is 380 feet. The capacity of this double reservoir has been already given. Its area is 449 acres, and it is 20½ miles from the Croton Reservoir.

The water impounded in this double reservoir is to be set free when there is such a drought as to materially reduce the supply at the Croton Dam. The land that will be overflowed by the released waters will very greatly increase the size of Croton Lake, while the reservoir will necessitate a change of location of public highways and part of the railroad track. The flood lines of the reservoir will include at the utmost 1471½ acres.

The water from behind the earth dams passes out when the gates at the centre of Dam No. 1 are opened. Water may be admitted to the gate-house by an inlet in the middle of the dam at an elevation of 389 feet. The toe of the slope is at an elevation of 365 feet. It passes out to the brook and river beds through two 36-inch pipes; but before it is finally sent to join the waters of Croton Lake it is aerated in a fountain. The fountain is a circular paved basin, in which the two pipes terminate after turning upward to permit the egress of the stream. The process of aerating is a sanitary measure, the theory being that the oxidization of the water destroys the noxious properties of dead and dying vegetable matter and whatever disease germs may have developed in the stream before and after its impounding. The water is revivified, as it were, after its long rest in the storage reservoir. After it leaves the fountain it is almost constantly in motion, and deleterious matter cannot so readily be propagated. Before the water reaches the fountain it passes through a stopcock vault, where the flow can be regulated or shut off. The stopcock is manipulated by hand, a wheel very closely resembling a railroad hand-brake being the instrument employed. The valve is in the pipe. The fall of the water admitted to the gate-house by the upper inlet is 24 feet.

The aerating fountain in front of the masonry dam on the East Branch of the Croton is very much larger than that at Earth Dam No. 1. There is a large circular basin, 80 feet in diameter, and this, and an oblong basin beyond, added for purpose of strength, are roughly paved with stone, and surrounded by a granite coping. The water is discharged from the reservoir through a gate-house in the centre of the masonry dam, through two 48-inch pipes, which run to a large stopcock vault. Immediately after entering this vault the two pipes are connected by a cross pipe, from which run five 12-inch pipes. This cross pipe is governed at each end by such a stopcock as has been already described. The stopcocks governing the 48-inch pipe are nearer the other end of the vault. The water is carried from the vault to the fountain by the seven pipes, and from there it passes on to the bed of the river, having been purified in the aerating fountain. The gate-house in the masonry dam is a very fine example of stone-work.

It has been determined to build two other reservoirs—one at Titicus River, and the other on the West Branch of the Croton River—the latter northeast of Lake Mahopac, and adjoining the present reservoir at Lake Glenaida. The Titicus River Reservoir, which will be completed next after the Sodom Reservoir, is near the junction of the stream from which it takes its name and the Croton River. It will be 100 feet high, 1200 feet long, with an elevation of 325 feet, and a capacity of 6,000,000,000 gallons. The reservoir on the West Branch, which is to be the third, will have a capacity of 9,000,000,000 gallons. The three will therefore have storage room for 24,000,000,000 gallons of water.

In addition to these the Department of Public Works is building a reservoir with a capacity of 7,000,000,000 gallons at the junction of the Muscoot and Croton rivers. This and Quaker Bridge Dam would add a capacity of nearly 40,000,000,000 gallons, about ten times as much as the committee of 1883 thought to be immediately required. If all these contemplated dams and reservoirs are established, there will be in the Croton water-shed a storage capacity of 69,700,000,000 gallons.

The proposed site of the Quaker Bridge Dam is near the mouth of the Croton River. The reservoir formed by it would be immense. It would cover an area of 3635 acres. The Croton Lake would then be many times larger than it is now. Indeed, the lake which would be formed in front of the present Croton Dam, and between it and the Quaker Bridge Dam, would contain more than ten times the amount of water now impounded. The building of the dam would make available an area of water-shed beyond what can possibly be at the service of the city with the present means—equal to twenty-three square miles. The lake back of the present Croton Dam would be at least six times larger than it is should the Quaker Bridge Dam be built. This new body of water would flow into the valley at Huntersville; it would widen the lower part of the Muscoot; it would spread down to Cantatoe Corners; and it would extend as far as Croton Falls in a northerly direction. A dam will be built between the Croton Dam and the mouth of the river. Whether at Quaker Bridge or at some other point it will enormously increase the lake from which the two aqueducts will carry water into the city.

The present Croton Dam impounds 2,000,000,000 gallons of water. It is 50 feet high, and at an elevation of 167 feet above the tide. The bed of the river falls away from the toe of this dam, at first gradually, and then abruptly, so that the height of the Quaker Bridge Dam, from the river-bottom to a point which would be intersected by a straight line drawn from the crest of the Croton Dam, would be 131 feet. In other words, the up-stream face of the proposed dam would be eighty feet higher than that of the present dam if its crest were to be of the same elevation above the tide. The distance between the two dams would be greater than the present extent of the Croton Lake, and if the body of water now impounded, 2,000,000,000 gallons, were represented by a parallelogram, and if the lines of the parallelogram should be continued to the proposed Quaker Bridge Dam, that part of them between the two dams would include 6,739,599,800 gallons. Beneath this there would be a body of 6,377,935,000 gallons, while above it would be 20,760,400,200 gallons, all of which would be over the top of Croton Dam, and would back up a long distance behind the proposed Muscoot Dam. This last dam is not to be confounded with the storage reservoir on the Muscoot, which the Department of Public Works is making independently of the Aqueduct Commission. The commission's Muscoot Dam will be very near the junction of the Muscoot and Croton rivers, and will be entirely for sanitary purposes. It will be about five miles from the Croton Dam, and its crest will be on a level with the flood line of the lake which will be made by the new Quaker Bridge Dam. Behind it will be a body of water which will not escape whenever the water is drawn off at the great dam below. It is for the purpose of retaining this water, and preventing the exposure of the flats which will be covered when the lake is full, that the Muscoot Dam will be built. The exposure of the flats, it is thought, would occasion a great deal of malarial disease, and therefore it is proposed that whenever a dam is built that will cover the flats with water, to take precautions against their future exposure.

All these dams at the mouth of the river, which will be built for the purpose of increasing the lake at the inlets of the aqueduct, are projects of the future.

Provision has been made for conducting through the conduit the water from this new lake, which is to be kept full by means of the storage reservoirs, like the reservoir at Sodom, even in dry seasons. The great gate-house of the new aqueduct is at the present Croton Dam. There are two other gate-houses for controlling and regulating the flow of water through the tunnel—one at the head of the pipe line, at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street, and the other at the terminus at the Central Park Reservoir.

The water will be admitted to the two aqueducts and its flow regulated by the [illegible]ing or closing of the gates in the gate-house at Croton Dam. There are four inlets to this house, and by the manipulation of its gates water may be sent through both the aqueducts from either or all these inlets, or it may be entirely shut off. The inlets are the by-pass, which is situated above the Croton Dam, and above the inlet to the present gate-house. The other inlets are below the old dam. The three inlets below the dam are intended to take the water from the surface, the middle, and the bottom of the lake. The by-pass inlet is for the purpose of taking the water from the prism of water lying directly behind the Croton Dam. At present the water is carried to the old aqueduct through a gate-house that is very much smaller than the new one, situated just below the latter, on the bank of the river. With the by-pass inlet the water of the present lake can be sent through both aqueducts. The commissioners have therefore accomplished this: they have pressed forward the work on the storage reservoirs so that there is a near prospect of such a constant quantity of water that the Croton Dam will be always supplied with all the water that it can impound, and they have made provision for the easy transmission of this water to the city through both the aqueducts, thus relieving the old conduit from the too serious task which is now imposed upon it of carrying the whole of the daily water supply of the city, when prudence demands that the limit should be 75,000,000 gallons. The by-pass, therefore, is the one inlet of immediate importance, for the others will not be available until a dam is built either at Quaker Bridge or at some other point below the Croton Dam.

The water of the by-pass and surface inlets will enter the easterly side of the gate-house. Thence it will flow through a series of chambers which have masonry walls, and which communicate with one another by series of gates. These chambers finally open into the two aqueducts: into the new aqueduct on the same side as that on which the by-pass and surface inlets enter. The other is on the northwesterly corner, the old aqueduct, as has been explained, starting off from the lake in a westerly direction. The water from both these passes enters directly into a small chamber, the walls of which are of extra thickness. Out of this it rushes into two larger chambers, the walls of which are slighter. Adjoining these are two other chambers, the same in size and form, and into them, besides the water already in the gate-house from the by-pass or the surface inlet, comes that from the middle and bottom inlets, which are one above the other. This body of water passes out of these two chambers, either through a single chamber into the old aqueduct, or through a number of chambers out into the new aqueduct. The old aqueduct passes in front of the gate-house, from the west side of which a tunnel has been cut. The water, in going from the gate-house into either aqueduct, must pass through two series of gates, the closing of either one of which would cut off the water supply of the city.

The water may be admitted to the gate-house from one or all the inlets. That which has been selected for transmission to the city, having swirled through the gate-house, enters into one or the other of the tunnels, and begins its travels. If it enter the new tunnel, it will proceed in almost a straight line to the reservoir at Central Park. If the line be all right, it will run along under the hills, the swamps, the rivers, down deep under the Harlem, through the great gate-house at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street, to the reservoir, from which it is to be distributed to the consumers. It is rarely that the course of the water will be interrupted, but there are times when its flow must be stopped. It may be that repairs will be needed at some part of the line, or that the time will come for the cleaning of the aqueduct, or that for some other reason the pipes ought to be emptied between two points. In order to carry off the surplus water and empty the aqueduct, a number of waste weirs and blow-offs have been built at points where the water in the tunnel can be diverted.

The first blow-off is at the Pocantico River, near Tarrytown, 9½ miles south from the beginning of the conduit. The second is at the Saw-Mill River, 6½ miles further south. The third is at Tibbet's Brook, 5½ miles further. The fourth and fifth are at the two shafts at the Harlem River. When the water is turned off at these blow-offs, it will run out of the aqueduct into the beds of streams which empty into the Hudson and Harlem rivers. After the water passes One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street, and is in the pipe line, it will encounter a blow-off at One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth Street, the lowest point in Manhattan Valley, and by that blow-off it will be conveyed into a sewer.

The superstructures of these blow-offs are of good stone masonry. The aqueduct passes through the shaft. At right angles with the conduit is a culvert, or pipe, which leads to the stream's bed. Gates intervene between the aqueduct tunnel and the culvert, which will be opened when it is necessary to send the water through the blow-off. When this is to be done, the gates at the Croton Dam will be closed, and the supply of water to the aqueduct will be cut off. The water that remains in the tunnel will pass out into the bed of the Pocantico or Saw-Mill rivers, and thence into the Hudson at Sing Sing or Yonkers, or by Tibbet's Brook, or the fourth and fifth blow-offs into the Harlem. The whole aqueduct will thus be emptied.

Sometimes it may be desirable to empty only a single section, or that part of the aqueduct which lies between two blow-offs. Suppose, for example, it was desired to empty the tunnel between the Pocantico and the Saw-Mill. In a pier and sides of the blow-off are slots intended for the reception of planks, the pier being in the centre of the tunnel. The planks being dropped into place, a dam is formed across the aqueduct. In the case which has been supposed, the aqueduct at the Pocantico gate-house would be dammed, and the water below it would flow out of the opened gates of the Saw-Mill River blow-off. In this way the section would be emptied. Between the gate-houses will be the man-holes and shafts by which the workmen will gain admission to the tunnel.

Soon after passing under the Harlem River the water enters the gate-house at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street, which is a very handsome and important structure. At the corner of Convent Avenue and One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street is an octagonal tower rising a story higher than the main building. In this is the vault of the new aqueduct, the old and the new crossing once more at this point. The projection of the building toward Tenth Avenue contains the vault of the old aqueduct. This projection, or wing, is separated from the main building by a very heavy wall of masonry, in which, however, there are openings, so that the water from the old aqueduct may leave the gate-house by either of the two outlets which are about to be described. The chamber next to the vaults, and into which the water of the new aqueduct will pass immediately, is very large, and is paved with stone. Out of it runs the proposed new pipe line, which consists at first of eight iron pipes, each pipe being 48 inches in diameter. The pipes are governed by such stopcocks as have already been described. Out of the smaller chamber of the projection, into which the water from the old aqueduct will enter, there passes another line of pipes—four 48-inch—and these connect with the existing line on Tenth Avenue, where the gate-house of the old aqueduct is situated.

The new gate-house is at the north side of Manhattan Valley, the lowest dip of which is at Manhattan Street, between One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth and One-hundred-and-twenty-fourth streets. The pipe line falls in this distance from a line grade of about 87 to a line grade of a little less than 16. From this point onward it rises again to a line grade of 85. Between One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth and Manhattan streets there will be the blow-off and stopcock vaults which have already been spoken of, and here will be the sewer into which the waste water is to be poured whenever the pipes from the One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street gate-house are emptied. At this point two of the eight pipes are dropped, or, rather, carried off to distribute water on lateral lines, and only six pipes compose the line as it proceeds on its further way to the Central Park Reservoir. The line passes along Convent Avenue to One-hundred-and-twenty-seventh Street, along Morningside Avenue to One-hundred-and-sixth Street, along One-hundred-and-sixth Street to Eighth Avenue. A pipe will be diverted at a stopcock vault at One-hundred-and-tenth Street, where future connections will be made, and still another pipe goes off at One-hundred-and-first Street, so that only four pipes enter Central Park at Ninety-seventh Street, through which and Central Park they make their way to the distributing reservoir.

The gate-house at the Central Park Reservoir is a much smaller structure than the building at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street. Its superstructure is another bit of the substantial stone-work which is characteristic of all the buildings of the new water-works. It rests on a ground foundation of rubble, puddle wall, and compact earth, and the flow of water into the distributing reservoir is regulated by a system of gates and stopcocks.

When this reservoir is full the level of the water is nearly 119 feet, there being a fall of more than 10 feet from the gate-house at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street to the Central Park Reservoir, and a fall of 49 feet from the maximum level of Croton Lake.

Some interesting figures are given in a pamphlet published by the Engineer's Department of the Aqueduct Commission, which may aid the reader in reaching a conclusion as to the magnitude of the work. The maximum inward pressure on the aqueduct under Harlem River when empty is 128.74 pounds to the square inch. The maximum pressure when the aqueduct is full is 55.29 pounds to the square inch. It is estimated by the engineers that 812,258 cubic yards of brick were laid in the new aqueduct. This is about 163,000,000 of brick, which would build 33 structures like the Tribune building. The area of the inside surface of the aqueduct from the Croton Lake to One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street gate-house is about 163 acres. It is stated that the material excavated with the masonry would be sufficient to build a wall 10 feet thick and 55 feet high around Manhattan Island. This wall would be 30 miles in length on the water-front. The amount of dynamite used in blasting, not counting what was used in sinking the shafts, was more than 5,800,000 pounds. The flowing capacity of the aqueduct, 318,000,000 gallons per 24 hours, is equivalent to a stream 50 feet wide and 10 feet deep flowing 59.1 feet per minute. These are enormous figures; in fact, all the figures connected with this stupendous work are so large that they cannot convey an accurate idea. It is sufficient to know that a great stream of water will flow from the new lake, through the old and the new aqueducts, sufficient for the uses of the city when it is several times larger than it is to-day.

The connection of the Mayor and Comptroller of the city with the commission was restored in 1888, when the commission was entirely reorganized. The power of appointing the commissioners was given to the Mayor at the same time, and the work was pressed with more energy and effectiveness after the control of the State had been taken away. The act of reorganization was passed at a special session of the Legislature, and in pursuance of it the commission was constituted as follows: Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, Commissioner of Public Works John Newton, Comptroller Theodore W. Myers. These three were commissioners *ex officio*. The following were appointed by Mayor Hewitt: General James C. Duane, John J. Tucker, Francis M. Scott, and Walter Howe. Two ex-chiefs of engineers of the United States Army, Generals Newton and Duane, were in the new commission, while Mr. Scott's long service in the office of the Corporation Counsel had made him an authority on the laws governing and affecting the municipality.

In November, 1888, D. Lowber Smith succeeded General John Newton, who then resigned the office of Commissioner of Public Works. On January 1, 1889, Mayor Hewitt was succeeded by Mayor Hugh J. Grant; and on May 1st of the same year Thomas F. Gilroy became Commissioner of Public Works in place of D. Lowber Smith.

On November 2, 1888, B. S. Church, who had been Chief Engineer since the first organization of the committee, resigned. He was succeeded by Alphonse Fteley, who had been Consulting Engineer, and who continues to be Chief Engineer, the Engineer Staff being as follows: Alphonse Fteley, Chief Engineer; George S. Rice, Deputy Chief Engineer; Charles S. Gowen, Alfred Craven, Edward Weyman, Jun., and Charles Burbank, District Engineers. Mr. Church was appointed Consulting Engineer, but the office was abolished last July.

Under the present commissioners the expenses of the work have been as follows:

EXPENDITURES OF THE AQUEDUCT COMMISSION TO THE 1ST OF JANUARY, 1889:

Commissioners' Office, salaries, etc....	$255,536 26
Chief Engineer's Office................	325,503 17
Tarrytown Office......................	122,989 67
Division Engineers....................	941,857 65
Croton Lake Survey....................	38,098 56
New Reservoir Survey..........	10,118 88
Sodom Dam Survey......................	7,305 50
Principal Assistant Engineer, New York Office..........................	157 91

Other incidental expenses, including nearly $50,000 for land and land damages, made the total expenditures on behalf of the commissioners and their engineers, $1,884,182 79. The amount paid out on the contracts was $16,929,666 72. In addition, there was paid for work done by agreement, $196,919 45. There was paid for land damages in New York city and in Westchester and Putnam counties $1,054,820 12; the total expenditures up to the beginning of the present year being $20,065,589 87.

To meet this, additional water stock has been sold to the amount of $19,945,000, the premium being $580,488 70. There was also a few thousand dollars credited to "Additional Water Fund 'Miscellaneous,'" leaving a balance of $463,415 83 in the hands of the Comptroller.

How much more this great work is to cost the city is impossible to tell. Commissioner Hubert O. Thompson's estimate in 1883 has been greatly exceeded. The total expenditure on the dam, reservoirs, and aqueduct was to be $14,460,640. Of this, the sum of $4,000,000 was to be for the dam at Quaker Bridge and the storage reservoirs, and $250,000 were for gate-houses at Manhattan Valley and the Central Park Reservoir. This would leave $10,210,640 for the aqueduct. As a matter of fact, very little of the $17,126,587 expended in pursuance of contracts and agreements has been devoted to any purpose except the building of the aqueduct, while the dam and the reservoirs remain to be built. There is another year's work on the Sodom Dam, which is the one nearest completion. There are no data from which to judge the cost of the work yet to be done, because the exact character of that work has yet to be determined upon.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

I.

IN time of war there is a great gain in popular support if hatred of the enemy can be made general and fanatical. To render this hatred most intense, and so most effective, it should be made personal. Beginning with slight enmity on the part of the North, four years of fierce and exhausting warfare not only increased Northern love of the Union, but so saturated the Northern mind with the intensest hatred of its foes that a quarter of a century of peace has not sufficed to remove it. Jefferson Davis was the centre of attack, the very focus of all the Unionist hate. During the war-time and for years thereafter Northern children associated him in their thoughts with Satan, and entertained similar feelings toward him, with the friendly chances in the favor of Satan. To doubt that he was a monster was worse than heresy—was almost a crime; while at the same time he was the popular idol of the South, the embodiment of their lost cause, and to him was paid the full measure of Southern devotion and affection. How largely prejudices born of the time entered into these extreme estimates, no person who fully shared in the feelings of that period can impartially determine. That generation must mainly continue to believe the lesson so thoroughly learnt long ago; but, now that he is dead, the new generation has the right, the duty, as well as the opportunity, of reviewing Davis's career objectively, and forming an opinion from historical facts, just as if he were a character of Italian civilization of two hundred years ago.

Certainly his life had its share of violent and picturesque contrasts. Born in Kentucky in 1808, reared in Mississippi, he began a classical education at Transylvania University, Kentucky; but he soon abandoned it for the military training of West Point, where he was graduated at the age of twenty. Then for seven years he was a dashing young officer—first of infantry, then of dragoons—roaming the frontier and fighting the Indians. Although the profession of arms was full of promise for him, he suddenly abandoned it, eloped with the daughter of the then Colonel Zachary Taylor, and withdrew to a plantation near Vicksburg, where he spent eight years raising cotton and reading books. In 1843 he began to take an active interest in politics; the next year he was a Presidential elector on the Polk and Dallas ticket, and attracted attention by his eloquent speeches, and soon was sent to the House of Representatives.

He was just rising into prominence in Congress when, in June, 1846, the First Mississippi Volunteer Rifles chose him as their Colonel. He withdrew from the war of words to re-enforce General Taylor on the Rio Grande, and soon was leading his troops in a most daring charge at Monterey. At Buena Vista, too, he displayed great coolness and valor, and, though severely wounded, held his ground against greatly superior numbers. Dame Fortune loves the picturesque, so she had Taylor forgive his son-in-law on the field of Buena Vista. Colonel Davis received great praise for his bravery in the war, was made a Brigadier-General by President Polk, but he declined the commission, on the ground that the right of appointment to a position in the militia constitutionally belonged to the respective States.

II.

Upon his return home he was sent to the United States Senate, where, in the debate on the compromise measures of 1850, he became one of the exponents of the most extreme Southern view of State rights. He maintained that the Constitution protected slave property, except where prohibited by State law, as completely as any other, and therefore that no act of Congress might restrict it in the District of Columbia, or exclude it from the Territories. When in this debate it was hinted that Davis was a secessionist, he sharply denied it, and added, "If I have a superstition, sir, which governs my mind and holds it captive, it is a superstitious reverence for the Union." Davis never deprecated a contest in consequence of his opinions. When his colleague, Henry S. Foote, became the Gubernatorial candidate of the compromise party, he resigned his seat in the Senate, and accepted the nomination of the opposition, the "resistance" party. Defeat by a small majority and two years of retirement were his reward.

But neither he nor Mississippi had forgotten Buena Vista; the recollection of it added to the influence of his eloquent speeches in the campaign of 1852, and when Franklin Pierce became President, he was given the portfolio of War. His mind was receptive, and his energy made him progressive. Many improvements were made in the management of the department, and the efficiency and extent of the military service were greatly enlarged.

In 1857 he was returned to the Senate. Although he took part in the debates on numerous questions, one thought seemed to be constantly in his mind—"How can we check or render harmless the growing hatred of slavery on the part of the North?" What he feared in 1850 had become an established fact in 1858. The compromise theories and expedients of Clay and Douglas had greatly undermined the defences of the South, while they gave time to the North to strengthen her own. Davis correctly regarded Douglas as the greatest political enemy of the South. A debate between them, running through several days, occurred in May, 1860, on the question of State rights and slavery in the Territories. Douglas's popular sovereignty was political legerdemain and essentially absurd. Cass, from whom he got his famous doctrine, held that sovereignty was inherent in the settlers of a Territory. Douglas said that they must first receive the consent of Congress before forming a government. Davis denied sovereignty in both cases, as Congress could give no more than the delegated power which it had received from the States, which alone were sovereign. He was at least logical. But the debate settled nothing; it merely convinced those who took part in it that words were futile, and that a crisis was impending.

Davis's part in this debate was the fruit of many years of painful meditation. It was his greatest effort in Congress, and on it must be based any claim that he was a debater of the first order. He had not the learning or the intellectual power of R. M. T. Hunter; Robert Toombs was vastly superior to him in the force of his declamation; Pierre Soulé was more concise in his reasoning, and more direct in his eloquence; but none of them were equal to Jefferson Davis in typical Senatorial bearing—his voice was clear, his gestures graceful, his rhetoric faultless, and his dignity never forgotten.

In the Charleston Convention of 1860 Davis was one of the prominent candidates for nomination. When Congress met in December, after the election of Lincoln, the leaders of the extreme Southern States had made up their minds that all but the last chance to save slavery had been squandered or compromised away. While Northern Democrats and the members from the Southern "border" States cried, "Compromise!" "Peace!" and the Northern and Southern radicals denounced one another, a few of the leaders like Davis planned and organized the Confederacy. Although he and his friends frequently claimed that he was anxious for a fair compromise, yet the logic of the situation forbade it, and it was belied by his action in debate and on the Senate Compromise Committee of thirteen. Strangely enough, the extremes met—Davis and Toombs, Wade and Collamer, voted together. As the crisis approached, Toombs, Clingman, Wigfall, and many others resorted to the most vulgar braggadocio. Whatever the cause may have been, Davis remained Senatorial. His vaunted honor was, however, seriously compromised by his remaining in the United States Senate, to gain a political advantage, for twelve days after Mississippi had seceded. But the speech which he delivered on the occasion of his withdrawal was remarkable in its courteous eloquence and shrewd tact.

III.

To portray accurately and fully, with its merits and defects, the statesmanship of Jefferson Davis, one needs the history of the Confederacy for a background. Our narrow limits permit the mention of only a few salient points.

Davis's ambition, his training, and his personal traits were military rather than political. His aim was generalship, not statesmanship, and he was first appointed Commander-in-chief of the Mississippi forces. But when the Montgomery Convention could unanimously agree on no one else for the Presidency, he accepted the election cheerfully, and the people ratified it enthusiastically. From the beginning of the secession movement he believed that a desperate war could not be averted. Therefore, in his early state papers he aimed to put the cause of the South on the basis of morality and freedom, and then to make clear the necessity of defending the stand taken, without any thought of reconsideration. Considering merely the literary execution of Davis's state papers and speeches, their object and effect on the Southern people, some of them may fairly be claimed to rank with the best of those of Lincoln, excepting always the Gettysburg address. It is worth mentioning in passing that in his first inaugural address occurred the phrase, "All offices are but trusts held for the people."

The Southern politicians had a mania for military positions. In the hope of forcing attendance on legislative duties, Confederate law forbade any person to be both soldier and legislator at the same time. But the best brains of the South chose the field. Davis was, consequently, left with a weak cabinet and an incapable Congress. The South, more than the North, needed vigor and harmony in military, legislative, and executive action. Daniels, in the Richmond *Examiner* of May 8, 1861, exclaimed: "No power in Executive hands can be too great, no discretion too absolute, at such moments as these. We need a dictator. Let lawyers talk when the world has time to hear them." *Ex officio*, Davis answered this demand. As dictator, in fact, he originated many of the bills which Congress perfunctorily passed, and directed the whole executive and administrative machinery of the Confederacy. When besought to make peace, he replied, "We are fighting for slavery; we are fighting for independence, and that or extermination we will have." When Northern courts undertook to treat the sailors of Confederate privateers as pirates, Davis forced the abandonment of the position by declaring his intention of executing a similar number of Federal prisoners to avenge the injustice. He compelled the recognition of the Confederates as belligerents.

But President Davis did not long remain free from the faults and errors to which dictators are so often subject. He had his favorites, putting the unfit in high position; his spites, like Bismarck, placing the most able men in the background; he indulged his vanity, and in certain important instances violated his own favorite theories; he was too often silent and evasive when he ought to have spoken frankly. He was a typical dictator, and, we are bound to believe, a sincere one. We are unable to find evidence showing that either his failings were more than ordinary, or that the best interests of the Confederacy were not his chief aim. His precious theory of State rights and the divine right of property in man was only at last thrown overboard in the hope of keeping the sinking ship a little longer afloat.

As Davis was the head and front of the Confederacy, it was natural that its and his enemies at home should be identical. The opposition to Davis was inconsiderable until the Confederacy was split in two by the Federal victories along the Mississippi. The conscriptions and impressment, which were among the last resources of defence, brought sorrow or suffering to almost every family. When, in addition to this, certain vast territories were left almost entirely without protection—as was the case with a large part of Georgia—it was not strange that men like Governor Brown felt compelled to protest. Then, too, during the third and fourth years of the war, many, like the gentle-souled Stephens, awoke to the horrible results of secession, and opposed Davis as the greatest obstacle to peace. From good and bad motives, many now assailed the President. One of his most able and bitter critics was the editor of the *Examiner*, who had so loudly called for a dictator. To hold Davis responsible for the financial and military disasters of the Confederacy is to say that the blockade, Seward's diplomacy, and Grant's sledge-hammer were of small consequence. Did not Lincoln have formidable opposition? Had he not enemies even among sincere Republicans?

Davis's supposed direct complicity in the starvation of Federal soldiers has been the chief cause of his being so intensely hated personally throughout the North. The facts of the case have never been fairly presented. Until that shall be done, sincere people cannot afford to assume that he was a monster. We may, however, believe with certainty that where there was intended inhumanity, the Commissary-General, Northrop, was the criminal, and that Davis was blameworthy because Northrop was not dismissed. On the other hand, it should be remembered that had there been no evil intent anywhere, there would still have been suffering on the part of the prisoners, for during the last two years of the war Confederate resources were so limited that thousands upon thousands of their soldiers in the ranks went ragged, shoeless, and less than half fed. At all events, the evidence of Davis's guilt was not deemed sufficient to warrant an attempt to punish him on that ground.

Next to the indomitable courage and hopefulness of the hungry and half-naked Confederate soldier, was that of his dictator's—Davis—confidence in the ultimate success of the Confederacy; and his ability to excite a similar feeling in the breasts of those about him only ceased with his capture. He was a most skilful politician; he made every impulse and sentiment of the Southern nature serve the Confederacy; he engendered the most bitter hatred of "Yankees"; appointed days of prayer and fasting to touch the hearts of the pious; he addressed and encouraged female aid societies; men and women of every age and condition were appealed to on some special ground. Speaking of the inspiration received from Davis's appeals, a Frenchman has wittily said, "*On se laissait aller à croire à la résurrection du cadavre.*" But for his dauntless spirit, the more timid and likewise more moral ideas of Stephens would have allowed the Confederacy to prove a failure much earlier. What could exceed the hopefulness of Davis's Danville proclamation, issued after he was driven out of Richmond, and when Lee's army was on the eve of surrender: "Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point, to strike the enemy in detail far from his base. Let us but will it, and we are free!"

In general, Davis seems to us to have been a true impersonation of the people and the cause which he represented—eloquent and superficial; quick in perception, but uncertain in judgment; putting grandeur in trifles, but treating a grand morality with contempt; courageous beyond measure, because unmindful of the danger and unrestrained by prudence.

IV.

The last quarter of a century of Davis's life was quite uneventful. Being left disfranchised, he never received or sought any political influence. He was kept in prison for two years, and then released without trial, because the government was afraid of establishing a bad precedent in case of non-conviction. After his release he visited Europe, was for some time president of a life-insurance company in Memphis, but his last years were spent on an estate in Mississippi, which a rich female admirer bequeathed to him.

In 1881 he published *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, in two large octavo volumes, in which he undertook to establish the constitutional right of secession, and to give the military and political history of the war. The work has some literary merits, as have nearly all of Davis's productions, but it is too superficial to have historical value. Having been the central figure of the Confederacy, and the one who best knew the secret springs, the currents and counter-currents of its politics, the world expected him to furnish new and important material. But the "History" is less a political history of the Confederacy than an exposition of Davis's theories long drawn out. As such, however, it is important to the student of Davis's intellectual traits.

The old South cherished an almost sacred affection for him to the last. When now and then on some festive occasion he emerged from his retirement, they received him with great enthusiasm. Until within the last few years his speeches at such times generally showed that he still held his former views of State rights. A certain class of Northern politicans always made the most of these utterances to fan the dying flame of prejudice. The moral question of rewards and punishments has now been settled. Only his political record remains. May that henceforth be left to the conscientious and impartial historian.

P. S.

GENERAL DEODORO DA FONSECA, PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF BRAZIL.—[SEE PAGE 1004.

HON. GILBERT A. PIERCE, U. S. SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRY, BISMARCK.

HON. LYMAN R. CASEY, U. S. SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRY, BISMARCK.

THE NORTH DAKOTA SENATORS.

OF the two Senators just elected to represent the State of North Dakota in the Congress of the United States, Gilbert A. Pierce is by far the best known. Although still a young man, his journalistic work and his position as Governor of the Territory of Dakota have given him a large acquaintance throughout the Union. It was while he was a Chicago newspaper man, in 1883, that he first visited Dakota, as a member of a newspaper excursion to Yellowstone Park. He had long been interested in politics, and worked hard for President Arthur's renomination. Soon after the meeting of the Republican Convention Mr. Pierce was appointed Governor of Dakota, his term beginning July 2, 1884. He served until superseded by Louis K. Church, and was generally popular. Since the expiration of his term as Governor he has lived in Bismarck.

His nomination for Senator was made by acclamation, and the Legislature wished him to have the "long term"; but in the drawing at Washington Senator Pierce drew a two-year, and Senator Casey a four-year term.

Lyman R. Casey, the second Senator elected, was born at York, Livingston County, New York, in 1837. His family removed to Ypsilanti, Michigan, while he was still very young. He prepared for a course of study in the Michigan University, but never entered. While still a young man he went into business in the hardware firm of Tefft, Kellogg, & Casey, in Toledo, Ohio. The firm prospered, and in 1877 Mr. Casey went abroad, and spent five years in European travel and study.

In 1882 he settled in Carrington, Foster County, Dakota, on a farm which now contains 5000 acres. He is Secretary and General Manager of the Casey Carrington Land Company, a concern which owns or controls 100,000 acres of land, and whose capital is put at $500,000.

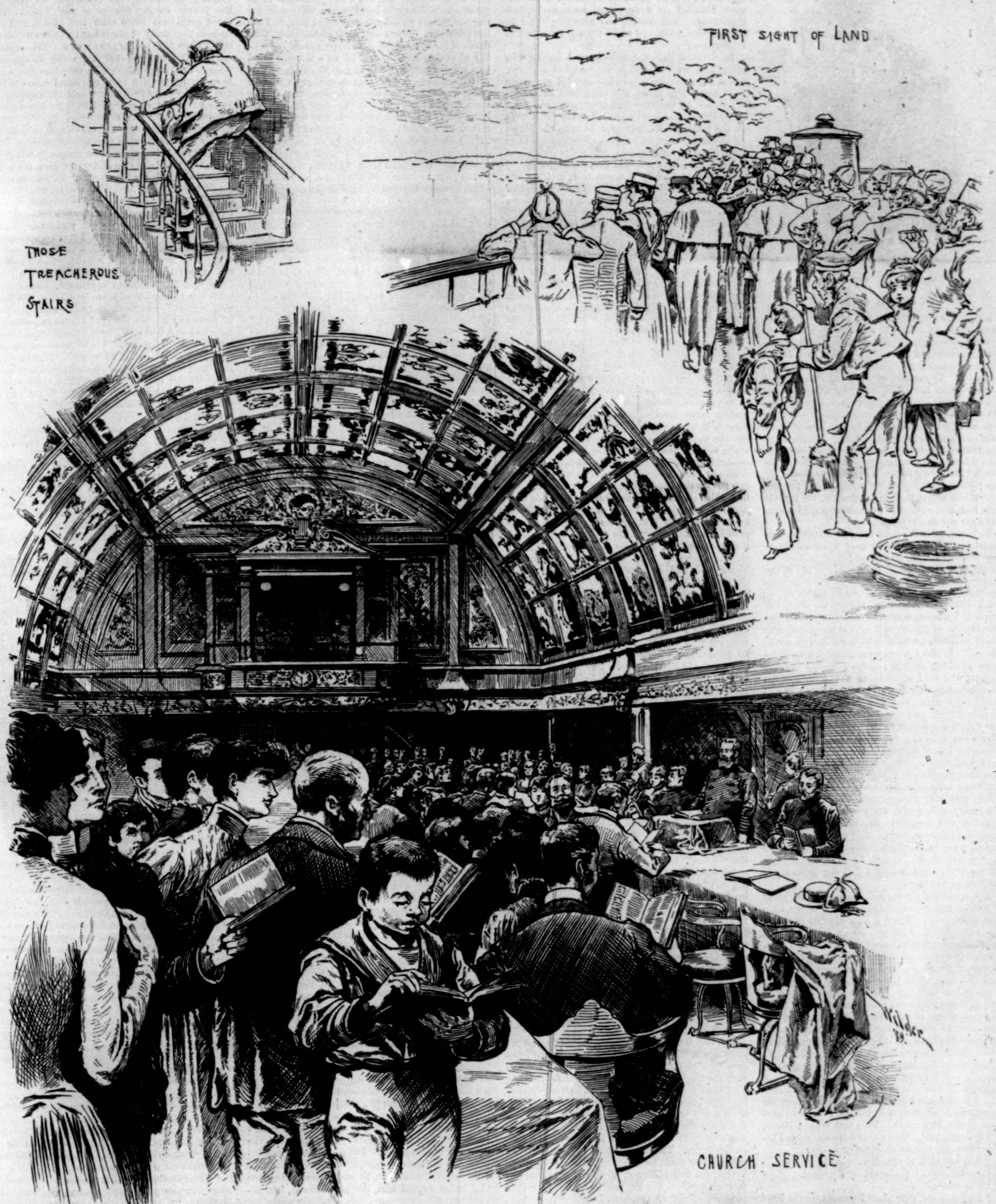
In person the new Senator is tall and slender, with blue eyes, a pale face, and a black mustache. He is an excellent impromptu speaker, and is generally popular in Dakota. He lives in Jamestown, and has a wife and three children.

THE LATE ELIAS P. NEEDHAM, OF NEW YORK. [SEE PAGE 1003.]

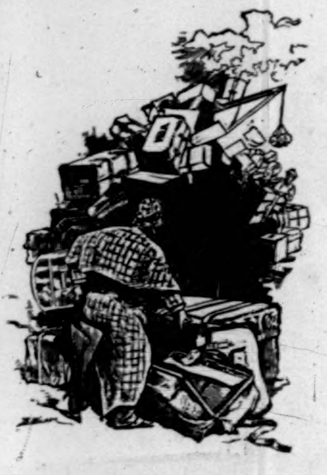
THE LATE SAMUEL WILKESON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 1003.]

HON. THOMAS B. REED, OF MAINE, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE 51ST CONGRESS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 994.]

HON. DAVID J. BREWER, OF KANSAS, THE NEW ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.—[SEE PAGE 1004.]


THOSE TREACHEROUS STAIRS
FIRST SIGHT OF LAND
Wilder '89.
CHURCH SERVICE
CHARACTER BITS

SKETCHES OF A TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE.—Drawn by Bert Wilder.—[See Julian Ralph's "Novice at Sea," Page 1002.]



A NOVICE AT SEA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

I BEGIN to suspect that few persons who have crossed the Atlantic will agree with what I am about to write concerning ocean voyaging. I derive this suspicion from the fact that each friend who has sounded my opinion disagrees with some part of it. The reason appears to be that no two ocean voyages are alike, either in the character of the weather or of the passengers, or in the behavior of the ship, or in its accommodations. This is so strictly the case that I do not myself more than half agree with what follows. I have since made the return voyage, and it was vastly different from this which I am about to describe. Nevertheless, my plain duty to the WEEKLY is to record my experiences from beginning to end, and if the end contradicts any part of the beginning, the fault is with fate and obdurate circumstances, and concerns me not in the least.

To begin with the heartache of the cluster of passengers on the ship as they wave adieus to their friends on the wharf, and then to take up the physical condition of at least six in ten of the same passengers from the moment the ship puts her persistent nose into the rough sea at Sandy Hook until she enters the Mersey on the other shore, if I were to write the most succinct characterization of the voyage as the great majority would bid me, I would sum it all in one word, "bore." It was a bore to the average man of intense life-long activity; a bore to the average woman, who held her physical well-being in most uncertain suspense from shore to shore; it was worse than a bore to all who lost that approach to equilibrium and were sick. Ours was what was called a seven-day ship, but it was for nearly nine days that she turned her unintermittent, quivering screw through the almost unchanging Sahara of water. There is always that elasticity in reckoning modern voyages. A seven-day ship makes a nearly nine-day voyage; a six-day ship, a nearly eight-day voyage; and so on up or down the scale: that is one statement with which no traveller will disagree. We do like to be humbugged, as Barnum says. The voyage to Europe begins when Sandy Hook disappears, hours after leaving New York. It ends when Fastnet is seen, off the Irish coast, nearly a full day before you set foot in England.

Not speaking for myself, but for the majority of semi-comatose, languid passengers, what a bore that screw was! What a bore did the everlasting, wave-ridden, wind-torn ocean soon become! What a bore it was to those who were ill and helpless not to dare to move from their steamer chairs except to go to bed, and to see those who were well and hear them boasting loudly of the pleasures of the voyage! What a dreadful bore it was to those who were hearty and inclined to be happy to discover day after day that almost the sole topic of the majority was sea-sickness and their wretchedness, their lost appetites, their medicines, their precautions, and their forebodings! I remember that one day even I was so tired of this all-absorbing topic that I left the upper deck and strolled down and forward to the second cabin. I heard only a part of a single conversation there, and I returned disconsolate to my companions of the first cabin. This was what I heard, the dialogue being between two women seated beside the engine-room skylight or hatch:

"Are you sick at sea, Mrs. Sproat?"

"Awful, mem" (followed by a groan).

"I'm never."

"I always am, ever since I was hit on the head by flying plaster while they were blasting rocks near where I lived the first year of my marriage. At least, that's what my doctor says. He says it all arises from me head."

"How very misfortunate!"

"Ain't it? However, that's what he says. Now I want to ask you what do you think? Do you think the head arises from the stomach, or the stomach arises from the head? Because, though my doctor says that being hit on the head is what makes me so disturbent on the sea, I wouldn't have thought it. I always used to think the head arose from the—"

No wonder I fled. The talk below was the echo of that above. The whole ship-load was of one mind. But I should not have said that I fled, for who but a suicide can flee from a ship, except, as the old patent medicine notice used to say, "before and after taking"?

It is growing to be the custom to speak of the transatlantic flyers as "floating hotels," and on this vessel there was a man who went so far as to count the ten cooks, four bakers, three butchers, four stewardesses, and seventy-seven stewards or waiters, in order to compare the ship's staff with that of some big London hotel. But who would go to even the best hotel if it were the rule that no one could leave the premises for nine days? Who would go to such a hotel if it were founded on a perpetual earthquake, and kept rocking and tossing and plunging and rolling morning, noon, and night for the best part of a fortnight?

It stormed half the voyage, and during the other half we followed in the wake of a storm. Those old travellers who have crossed anywhere from ten to fifty times, and have tried almost every vessel, all declared that they never had been on so steady a ship as ours. Yet the cribs were on the tables all the way over, to keep the plates off the floor, and many a passenger did not once leave his or her state-room until the day we sighted Ireland. The old travellers said we were a stupid lot—we were mainly Western folk, making our first voyage—and that if we were all people of the Atlantic States and frequent travellers, there would have been plenty of fun and play and frolicking on board. But it was a noticeable fact that the old travellers were insufferably conceited and retiring and *blasé*, and the Eastern folk were of the sort that is best suggested by what one of them, a lady, remarked to me. "It is a horrid ship-load," said she. "The acquaintances one makes here we would not speak to on shore. Fortunately, on the other side, they will all go to second-class hotels and ride third-class on the railways, so that we shall never see them again."

All day long of every day the sea splashed its great disordered surface against the rolling ship, and every night it grew black and hissed louder than the whistling wind, so that it required steady nerves and a light heart to keep a passenger out of the cabins after nightfall. Day after day the barber threw himself on the bodies of his customers in order to roll with them, and thus render the performance of his work possible. The stairs became bewitched. Alternately they reared straight in the air like ladders, and then straightened out almost horizontally. The supply of ice ran out on the fourth day, and after that the list of edibles on the ship shrank with alarming and nauseating rapidity. There was a little set in the smoke-room that bore heroically whatever happened, that knew very little of what did happen, and that devoted itself to poker, whiskey, and cigars religiously from continent to continent. These also had a worn and threadbare topic, above or below which they seldom rose or fell. It was the subject of "tips." It was as tiring as the theme of the people on deck. Little did I dream that it was to be the reigning subject everywhere I went in Europe, or how keenly I was soon to be interested in it. It came to be generally understood that no one on board had paid for his passage. The money handed over to the ship-owners' agent in New York was merely for the right to board the ship and remain on her till she reached Europe. For all the minor requisites of the voyage: food, water, towels, bed-making, boot-blacking, care of our chairs—in short, for everything we were to have—we were to pay the ship's servants before leaving the vessel. We were to tip the room steward, the deck steward, the boy in charge of the smoking-room, the "boots," and the table steward. One old traveller was rudely treated by all the others for saying he never gave more than five shillings for a tip. That is a dollar and a quarter. Nearly all the old travellers said the rule was to give ten shillings to every one except the "boots," and to him two shillings. These sums were talked over every day by men of varying minds, until at last it was seen that eleven in each dozen were going to give ten-shilling tips. It turned out, however, that a few gave a pound to each of their servants, and one man gave his table steward five pounds.

I talked to my table steward, and this was one remark he made: "Well, sir, we depend on tips. We only get fifteen dollars a month. We always look over each man we wait on to see how much we think he will give, and we treat him accordingly. Sometimes we are wofully mistaken, and find we have been giving ten-shilling service to a five-shilling gentleman."

But this is all from the stand-point of the other passengers. For myself there was a more pleasant view of the voyage. The sea did not upset me; the long loaf was of the sort that Walt Whitman speaks of "inviting his soul" to participate in. Then, again, it was all so new. Though I had been many thousands of miles on shipboard, up and down the coast and out to the West Indies, it was almost as new to me as if I never had been on the ocean. The transatlantic voyage is like no other. The great numbers of passengers in each vessel, the subordination of every other interest to their comfort, and the ceaseless, uninterrupted progress of the ship, without a sight of land from her decks from beginning to end, make such a journey peculiar. For those who have not yet experienced it, a series as long as any the WEEKLY ever published could be written solely about the voyage. It is for such persons that I am writing, but I am urged on by the farther conviction that those who "know it all" will be quite as eager to read it—some from natural curiosity, and some from an equally natural desire to disagree with the author.

Among all the pretty features of the experience none was so picturesque or unexpected as the scene on the main-deck from early morning until late evening of every day. There the passengers were massed together on an almost compact huddle of sprawling steamer chairs. We carried about 500 first-cabin passengers, and about 400 of them endured the voyage by forming that open air throng. Many did not dare to go in-doors except for sleep at night, and quite as many were afraid to move at all, having found that they could hold their illness in suspense only so long as they kept quiet. But the scene was one never to be forgotten.

What might be called the spine of the great ship was formed by a line of low narrow buildings, and the deck projected beyond this twelve or fifteen feet on either side. Either to get the sun or to escape the wind, the greater number gathered on the right hand or southerly side, the one the sailors called the starboard side, if I am not mistaken. There they were all reclining, hundreds of them, bundled up from feet to chins, turning what they had thought of as a floating hotel into a flying hospital. It looked like a sanitarium for convalescents, and that is nearer to what it really was. There was very little movement among them, very little change in the scene from morning until night. The husbands who were not affected by the ship's motion threaded their ways to the chairs of their wives or daughters, now and then, to see if they could be of service; the young bachelors paid more frequent visits to the young girls, and the deck steward came still more often to serve food, to bring refreshing drinks, to execute commissions of many other sorts, and to tuck the ladies into their chairs whenever one changed her seat, or had summoned the courage to walk a little, or to go below and get another novel. A torpid, lethargic, pulseless congregation it was, without energy, interest, or pleasure. When a lady was asked to look in a certain direction that she might see a man whom she had been curious to have pointed out, she was apt to say: "Please excuse me. I am just feeling comfortable. I would spoil it if I turned my head." One interesting invalid remarked to a gentleman who was courting her: "Please go away. If you talk, my brain will move; and if any part of me moves, I'm lost." These are hints illustrative of the state of being of that company that had started so boastfully from every quarter of our country, attended by the envy and congratulations of their friends and families. One cruel man, who flaunted his health—for whoever is well on a rough voyage is thought to flaunt his health—called this congregation "the unburied dead" and "the overground cemetery." Even when the rain poured upon the deck the great majority kept their seats. On one day tons of water leaped over the deck-houses and fell in heavy spray upon the people without moving them.

But they formed an interesting picture, stretched out on the long, treble-jointed chairs, mummified in various-colored lap-robes, and all in caps, both sexes alike. There were merry-hearted ones among them, whose ebullient spirits Neptune might modify, but nothing could quench, and these sent out rippling laughter and low snatches of song, and sallies of that wit and humor with which our country men and women savor the whole lump of mankind.

Of all the species of man the ocean has developed, none is so unique as the deck steward. Captains differ. Ships' doctors only interest one by their unanimous insignificance. We went out with the captain typified by romance, who growled at the passengers, but was accustomed to stand on the bridge until he had to have his boots cut from his swollen feet. You could not talk to him, but you could turn in o' nights and sleep with the confident assurance of a baby in a cradle. We came back with a captain who played poker in the smoke-room all day, and sang ditties to his mistress's coral lips in the grand saloon at night. He was pleasant, but I got the idea that he was the only able-bodied man aboard who did not feel obliged to "look out" when the weather was foggy or threatening or the nights grew dark.

But the deck steward of a transatlantic "liner," who waits upon hundreds of ladies and gives them all satisfaction, is a creature unlike any one on land. It is a pleasure to see the self-possession and confidence with which he ministers to the fair sex. He arouses the envy of the dandies and the admiration of married men. Having to wrap the ladies in their robes as a regular and constant duty, he does it with a thoroughness and display of experience wonderful to behold. He grasps the fair one's skirts in the region of her ankles, lifts the weight as if it were not the most sacred and gingerly privilege but an ordinary function, and wraps the robe around her limbs as if he were doing up a bundle of clothing. It makes no difference to him whether the lady is a haughty granddame, a buxom matron, or an ethereal belle who holds the rest of mankind in awe and slavery. Each takes her turn, and all are the same to him. It surprises the ladies who are making their first journey, and no number of journeys makes the experience commonplace, yet it occurred to me that the deck steward's freedom only accentuates the artificiality of the relations of the sexes. The deck steward is superior to the general masculine weakness in this respect; but, mind you, he succeeds only because the ladies regard him, not as above it, but beneath it.

We meet other new conditions on shipboard, and one that I did not get used to on that first voyage was the custom of leaving the state-room doors open all day. It had to be, possibly, to provide ventilation, but the result was that as I rolled to and fro along the narrow passages, bumping from wall to wall, like a marble on a bagatelle board, I could not help catching glimpses of dark tresses upon the pillows and pink elbows peeping over the counterpanes in the berths. And when the stewardesses were asking how the fair sufferers felt, I could not help hearing such replies as this: "Oh, stewardess, I'm feeling very badly. I really can't eat any dinner. You need bring me only some cake and preserves, or ice-cream."

On one day the ship's bell swung to and fro with even, stately movement, sounding two strokes and then pausing, two strokes and then pausing, over and over again. It was Sunday, and this was the call to church. At sea the resting of a bird on one of the ship's masts causes a sensation, and the man who merely says that he saw a shark's fin or the spouting of a whale is eyed with interest by all on board. Fancy, then, the effect of the church bell and the prospect of church. The service was held in the grand saloon (which is to say, the dining-room), the captain officiating by reading the Episcopal service, and the purser having charge of the music. The great room was more than half filled, and we noticed that many of the ladies had put on "shore clothes" on purpose for the service. The captain made a fine picture, standing while all the rest were seated, resplendent with gold-lace and manly to a degree. He read the service so clearly and reverentially that many said afterward they were never more impressed by a religious ceremonial. As for the music—led by the organ and swelled by all our voices—it was delicious.

Few persons are able to read aboard ship. The condition of idleness amounts almost to lethargy. It is strongest in the invalids; but even the able-bodied share it. Conversation sometimes proceeds from high altitudes of mental activity, because it is only physical exertion that one objects to. However, a typical first-cabin conversation is apt to be broken, incoherent, and lazy. There were three persons in whom I was especially interested on this trip, and all were seeing everything with new eyes, like myself. The leader of the party I will call Miss Mabel Griffith, a vivacious New York miss of seventeen. The others were her father—a white-haired, erect, soldierly man, retired from commercial life—and a third, to be known as Harold Macy, of Boston, a suitor for Mabel's hand, and a tall, broad-shouldered, black-haired fellow of thirty. Theirs were the conversations that I listened to most of all, and what they said will give a just idea of shipboard talk.

As we all sat in the grateful sunshine that tempered the chilly breeze one day, Mabel asked young Macy if he could say anything new about the ocean.

"Only that it does not grow old gracefully," he replied. "I should think that it would get tired of leaping up and down."

"Or that the wind would tire of the useless work of churning it," said Mr. Griffith. "But its very inconstancy is one of its charms. I do not in the least agree with those who call it monotonous. To me it seems never twice the same. Now it is blue, now purple, now ashen."

"It has mountains and valleys," said Mabel; "but it certainly lacks landscape effects."

"I think, since I've seen the ocean," said Harold, "that I could improve upon the world if I had to make it over again. Of course I know it would not do to abolish the ocean. I understand how necessary all this water is to our existence, but I have been thinking that if there had been railroads in the time of Adam there would have been a narrow roadway of earth or rock left to connect the two continents, just wide enough for a double-tracked railroad, you know."

"With a foot-path at one side for theatrical companies," Mr. Griffith suggested.

"But I suppose travel would still have its dangers and excitements," added Harold. "There would be an annual season of wash-outs and that sort of thing."

"Just one little rock sticking up somewhere about here is all I ask," said Mabel. "What would not hundreds aboard this ship give for five minutes on something solid and steady?"

"There's an idea for an inventor!" Harold exclaimed. "Let some one build on every vessel one room or closet that will not rock, but will hang steady and immovable, regardless of the ship's motion, and give every first-cabin passenger so many seconds or minutes a day in it. There is a fortune in the idea."

"I knew an old lady, once well known in New York, who had a more feasible idea, but could not carry it out," said Mr. Griffith. "She suffered so terribly in crossing to France, and she was so thoroughly frightened, that she vowed she never would take ship again to go home unless some physician would guarantee to numb all her faculties with anæsthetics, or mesmerism, or by any other means, during the whole of the journey. No one would undertake the task, and she remained in Paris twenty years, until she died, too much afraid of the sea to return to her people."

"I saw such a handsome sailor yesterday," said Mabel. "You all saw him—the one who played the concertina on the forward deck—and I could not help speaking to him."

This was a speech which made her lover wince, I noticed.

"I said something about its being very rough," Mabel went on; "and his reply served me right for fancying that his gentle looks and air betokened a similar nature. 'If it wasn't rough at times, mum, the women ud all be sailors,' he said, 'and the men couldn't make their livin's.'"

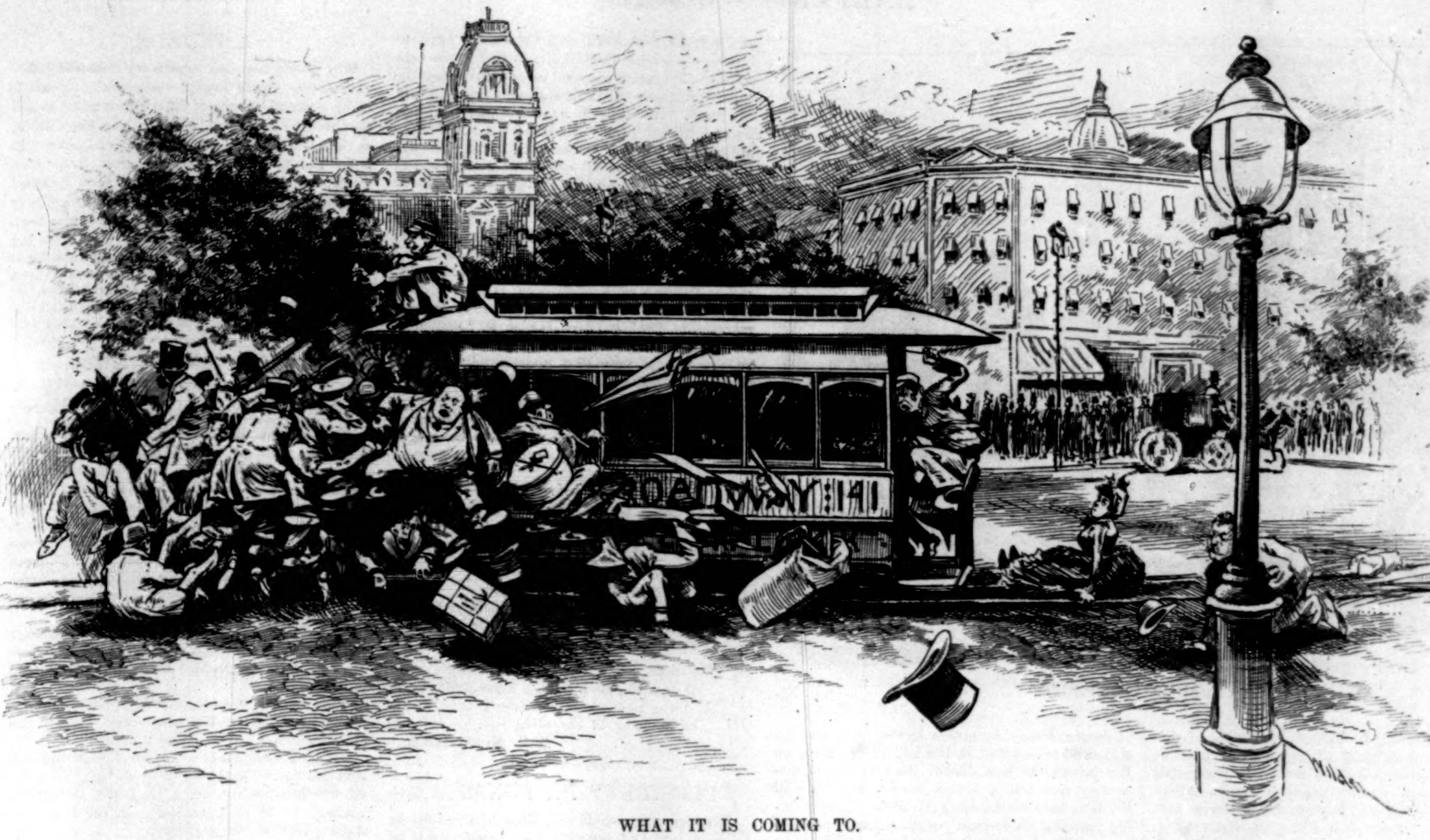
"The consideration the sailors are trained to show for the passengers amazes me," said Mr. Griffith. "No matter what they have to do, it is done without ever asking a passenger to move, though the decks are crowded with people. I would not believe it if I had not seen it, but they actually took down this enormous awning in half a gale yesterday, and while all these chairs were occupied, without allowing the canvas to touch a person, and without any one's being asked to shift his or her chair."

"I thought there was nothing picturesque about them," said Harold; "all the old sailors I ever met at New Bedford or Nantucket speak of steamships as 'kittles,' and say that the men aboard them are 'lubbers'; but I disagree with them. By-the-way, what a pretty song the sailors sang yesterday when they were spreading that sail!"

Then Mabel carolled a verse of the song. Her quick, musical ear had caught it exactly:

> "Says I, 'Whar are ye going, my pretty maid?'
> Hi! hi! Roll the men down.
> 'Hi'm goin' a-milkin', sir,' she sayed.
> Give us more time to roll the men down."

"I'm learning English," she added, laughingly; "I know what to call those big three-sided soda-biscuit sort of cakes they have on the table. They are scones. Sally-lunns are also biscuits of unnatural size, but they are sweetened. 'Will you



WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

Conductor Broadway Car (*pushing them in*). "Move up there forward! Plenty of room up forward!" *And there appears to be.*

'ave some beet root or some flower?' our steward said to me yesterday, and I found that 'beet root' was what we call beets, and 'flower' was cauliflower."

"We are learning the more important matter of English money," said Mr. Griffith. "We take our lessons in the smoke-room, where we hand over a sovereign for a sixpenny cigar, and then sit down and study out the change. I really begin to have some hope of learning the British money, but on what day I will confidently know a two-shilling piece from a half-crown is more than I will venture to predict."

In this way we chattered by the hour when we were all together, or we discussed the other passengers, or we walked the decks in comparative silence. At last the day came when we were to see land—the Irish shore. It was afternoon before the sharpest eyes discerned in what most of us took for a fog-bank the lineaments of a range of hills. They proved to be islands rising high above the water, and oh! how glad the sight of them was! As we drew nearer we noticed with surprise that Ireland—at least this part of it—instead of being green was as tawny as a lion's hide. All along the base of the land was a line of what looked like snow. It proved to be the surf dashing against the rocks which rose straight up from the water. A cruel coast indeed it seemed, and cruel the sailors knew it to be.

As the main-land rose to the view, and reached away far as the eye could sweep, it was seen to be bold, steep-faced, rocky, and covered with some stunted but thick vegetation, not green, but brown. The coast rose spectacularly, like a painted curtain. As one of the passengers remarked, it was somewhat unnatural, "like something gotten up to look at." The occasional watch-towers, picturesque but petty, and the Persian-looking light-houses, painted white and set within whitewashed walls, helped the theatrical effect. We drew nearer; the sun fell, and the long English twilight we were to learn to love so much had its beginning. The scene no longer suggested a painting; it became a photograph. Little smacks or luggers with red sails loafed along close to the coast, and we passed so near to one that we could see the typical Irish girl, with black eyes and long black tresses, who was the sailor's companion. The red sails interested us the most, for who would have supposed the sails were anything but white? All on board our ship were so interested, almost fascinated, by this first and delightful sight of land that it seemed not too extravagant for the lady who had been one of the worst sufferers to exclaim, as she did, that the sight "was worth all it cost." That was how the question I had been daily putting to myself, "Is the end worth the journey?" was first answered in my hearing. So delighted were we all, that the idle remark of another lady fell with a jar upon our hearing. She had been asked if she were going ashore at Queenstown. "No," she replied, not so unkindly as the words sounded. "The Irish have been coming to me all my life; I do not need to go to them."

It was late in the evening, night-time we would say in New York, but it was still twilight, when we came to our first halt in the voyage. We were off Queenstown. A tender crawled out to meet us—as flat and almost as bare and as broad of beam as if she were modelled after a pie plate. She looked a mere deck, with paddles and two belching smoke-stacks. Our ship sent out a great gang-plank, reaching down upon the tender, like the paw of a cat pinning down a tiny mouse. The forepart of the tender was heaped high with mail-bags, for all the world like sacks of potatoes. The passengers bound for Ireland huddled on the after-deck—steerage and cabin folk all together—making a scene like the pictures we know so well of emigrants leaving their native land.

The twilight lasted until nearly ten o'clock that night, long after we steamed away from Queenstown, which we did not see at all, so far out did we come to an anchor. The temperature remained about as it had been all day, and the waves moderated, so that there was little inclination for bed among the passengers. Though not one in our party had ever seen a foot of Europe before, and we were all more or less excited by the consciousness that we would land on the morrow, we began to talk like experienced voyagers. The young New York girl who sat beside me said that she would never again make a voyage without a "catch-all," with at least six pockets, the same to be hung from little hooks on her state-room door. She said that one mistake she had made was in wearing old clothes on the ship. Nearly all the women had looked like dowdies, she said (and she was very nearly right), because they dressed shabbily, whereas there was nothing about the first-cabin quarters, the deck, or the saloon to injure an ordinary travelling gown.

We all laughed at the picture she drew of the careful women with their faces hid behind heavy blue veils all the way over, and the heedless ones with their faces, especially their noses, peeling like onions from the sun's hot rays. She frankly admitted there was no middle course to pursue. She added that she could not understand how a man could fall in love with a girl aboard ship—a thought that caused her admirer seated close by to turn a reproachful face toward her.

The night ended with a great deal of dancing by the young men and women. They hired two sailors to take turns in the labored production of thin waltz music upon a concertina, and, excepting the church service on Sunday, we saw no prettier sight during the entire voyage than that which the gracefully whirling couples presented, with the white slanting deck beneath their feet, and the glistening stars shining amid the meshes of the rigging above their heads.

There was on board the ship one ultra-fashionable young woman who said of herself that going the rounds of the shops of Paris was the only thing she knew in life that ever caused her pulse to quicken its motion a single beat, and that failed, she said, unless she had plenty of money to spend. All the rest of a European journey was a complete bore, she remarked; the old buildings, the galleries, and the stupid people fatigued her. We all thought of that *blasé* miss next morning as each of us frankly confessed that we had been too overcome by the expectation of the coming day to get even half a night's sleep. How raw and green we were! How fortunate it is for any one to be so! Blessed are they, for theirs are the richest pleasures of life.

E. P. NEEDHAM.

Elias Parkman Needham, whose chief claim to remembrance lies in the mechanical improvements by which the reed-organ was brought to its present state of excellence, died at his residence, No. 218 East Nineteenth Street, New York, on Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 1889, of heart failure. Mr. Needham was born in Delhi, Delaware County, New York, on September 29, 1812, of sturdy agricultural parentage, and spent his earlier years in labor on a newly broken forest farm, and in attendance at the common schools in Erie County. Independent in character, emulous of skill, and ambitious of success, his natural aptitude for mechanics found free scope in the occupation of a joiner and cabinet-maker.

Restless under local restrictions, he watched for opportunity to act in wider sphere. This presented itself through Jeremiah Carhart, a fellow-workman, whose prolific brain gave birth to inventions that he lacked the power to convert into instruments of pecuniary profit. The melodeon had been recently introduced. This, by the genius and joint labors of Carhart and Needham, was developed into the reed-organ. In 1846 they organized the first company for its successful manufacture in the United States. Two years later the rapidly growing business was removed from Buffalo to New York. Carhart combined voiced reeds held in a chambered board and operated by suction bellows. It was this arrangement that made the manufacture of the reed-organ a conspicuous success, and that is to-day indispensable to every instrument of the class fabricated by numerous manufacturers throughout the country. Needham directed the details of construction, and the supply of reeds to makers of similar instruments; while Carhart devoted his energies to improving the tone and action of the organ, and to perfecting the machinery necessary for the rapid production of its several parts.

As foreman and executive manager of the business, Mr. Needham shouldered the heavier responsibility until 1868, when his partner died and devolved the whole upon him. But before that, in 1859, Needham had completed the "upright action" which imparted great superiority to his over the ordinary double-reed instrument. It permitted a combination of twelve or more registers, and had thirty or forty stops. Further improvements culminated in the "Silver Tongue" organ, which long held the reputation of embodying perfect mechanical application of wind to vibrators for the production of exquisitely melodious tones.

Mr. Needham's genius was directed to purely practical as well as æsthetic ends. Stationary engines had already been applied to apparatus for forcing the air to act as a motor in the propulsion of carriages within tubes or tunnels under or above the surface of the earth. He took out patents whose principal feature consisted in the employment of an endless tube admitting a persistent current of air generated by means of an air-pump. This current, by simple devices under the absolute control of the engineers, was switched around isolated sections of the tube. The atmosphere, drawn from the front of the car inside the tube, was compressed by the pump, and became the propelling power behind the vehicle. A double line of tubes, permitting travel in opposite directions without danger of collision, was another feature of his system. When approaching a station on the line an automatic device closed the gate beyond it, and enabled the engineer to stop his train by its impingement on the cushion of air within the tube, which air at the same time opened a lateral door for access to the outside world. This process might be simultaneous in different sections of the tube. This invention was patented in 1864, and a working model demonstrating the feasibility of the plan was exhibited at the fair of the American Institute. Hitherto it has failed of adoption for passenger transmission, but may hereafter achieve the honor of pioneering contrivances as signally successful as those of the reed-organ.

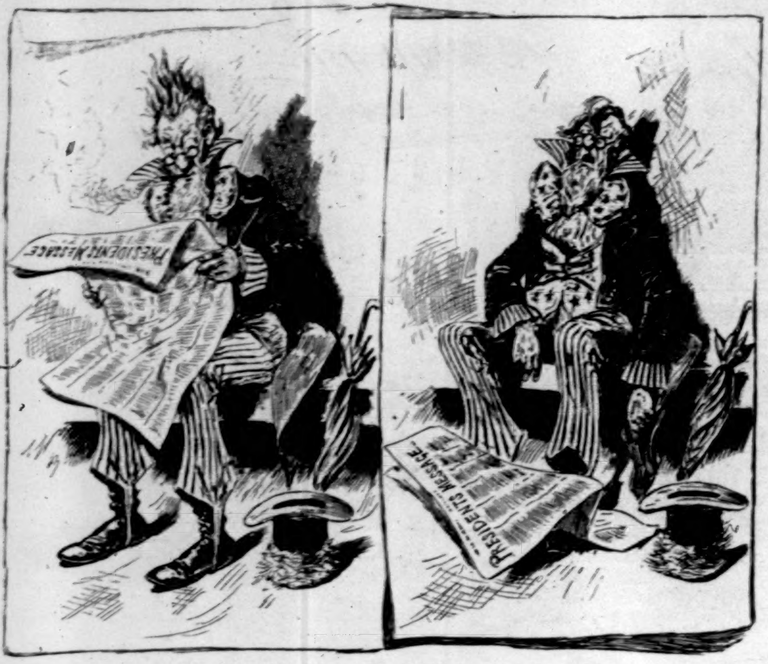
Mr. Needham's latest patented invention was the automatic organ, or orguinette, now manufactured in many differing forms. Its characteristic is the mechanical passage of perforated paper over apertures containing reeds situated above suction bellows. The perforations, corresponding to the notes of tunes, as they cross through the current of air descending into the vacuum created by action of the bellows, voice the tunes in perfectly accurate time, and with the depth and compass demanded by the music.

SAMUEL WILKESON.

"On that panel of the square of granite covering the grave of Samuel Wilkeson, which faces the harbor of Buffalo, is chiselled the epitaph '*Urbeno Condidit.*' He built the city of Buffalo by building its harbor." A few days ago another Samuel Wilkeson, the youngest son of the founder of a great city, was laid beside his father. In the memorial sketch of his father quoted above, the Samuel Wilkeson who died at his home in this city on December 2d, describes graphically how the foundation of the city was laid. Here are a few sentences. "The writer of this paper is one of the few men living who looked on the work. As it were only yesterday he can remember being perched on his father's shoulder as he waded across the mouth of Buffalo Creek in superintendency of the crib laying. It was a ford only waist deep to the tall man. Ships holding a hundred thousand bushels of grain move under great sail where he carelessly carried a child." This reference is pertinent, because the number of witnesses of the events of an important half-century of our national history is rapidly growing less, especially of those who can give such eloquent evidence as Mr. Wilkeson could of the progress of the country during the last fifty years, and also because it indicates the source from which the subject of this notice derived a strong public spirit. Mr. Wilkeson was a patriot in the best sense of the word. He loved to address his fellow-countrymen through the columns of the daily press, and invariably for the purpose of arousing them to the consideration of important public questions.

The best years of his life were spent, as were those of his father, in advancing a great public work. When he had reached the age at which his father secured to the city of Buffalo the western terminus of the Erie Canal, he was pushing out through an almost unknown region, collecting material that determined the construction of a great transcontinental line—the Northern Pacific Railroad. He was largely responsible for the development of that enterprise, especially at the start, and he never lost faith in it. For twenty-one years he held the position of secretary of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, and though the routine work that he performed and supervised in that capacity was enormous and most efficiently done, yet it was really subordinate to the service he rendered the enterprise in educating the public as to its character and the political necessity for its success.

Mr. Wilkeson was born in Buffalo in 1817, graduated from Union College, was educated to the bar under Daniel Cady, the traditional great lawyer of New York State, and in 1840 admitted to practise a profession from which he was always turning aside to write for a newspaper. He was born a journalist. In 1856 he started a daily paper in Buffalo. He gave it the name *Democracy*, and its tone was characteristically radical and liberal. At the instance of Governor W. H. Seward and Thurlow Weed he bought a controlling interest in the Albany *Evening Journal*, but after two years of arduous work as editor-in-chief his health gave way. When he had recovered it, Horace Greeley invited him to a position on the editorial staff of the *Tribune*. Soon after the breaking-out of the war he took charge of the Washington bureau of that paper, and in



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

that capacity also discharged the duties of war correspondent at many of the engagements in which the Army of the Potomac participated. Two of his sons and six nephews fought in that army. His oldest son, Bayard, was killed in command of a battery of artillery at Gettysburg. Some of Mr. Wilkeson's work on the field has passed into history. An idea of his forcible and vivid style of writing may be obtained from a single sentence from a letter written from the front to combat the "On to Richmond!" cry that was popular in certain quarters early in the war. Keenly alive to the obstacles in the way of such a movement, he wrote of the possibilities of it, "And the looms that weave crape shall rattle in pain for the dead that shall lie before Richmond."

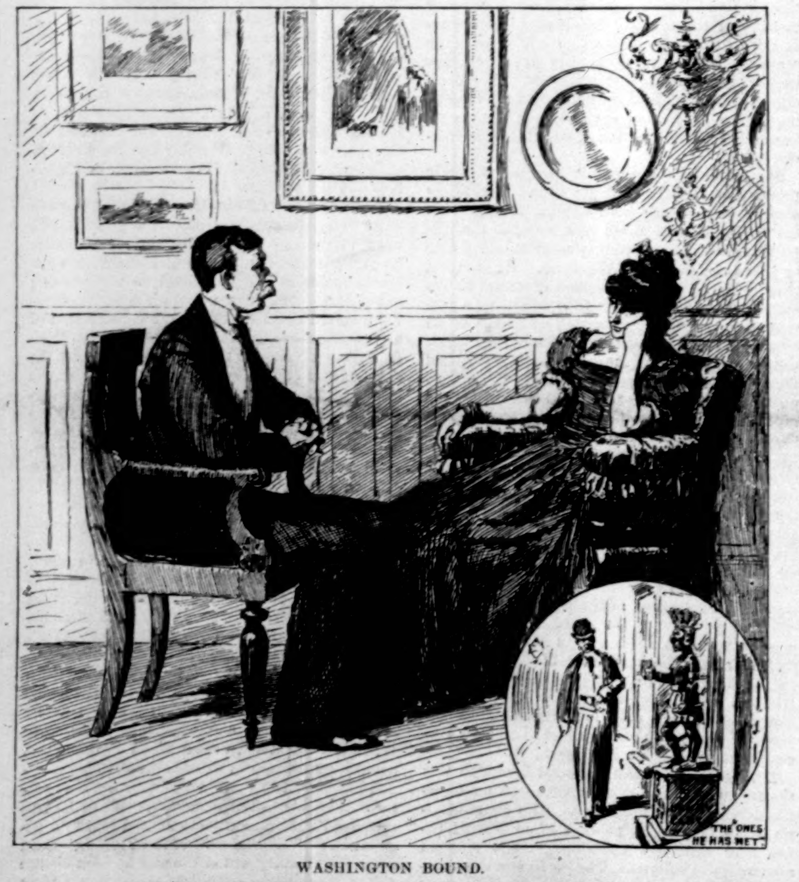
Mr. Wilkeson practically left the *Tribune*, at the request of Jay Cooke, to assist in popularizing the war loans of the government through the newspapers and other channels of publicity. His success in that work induced Mr. Cooke to interest him in the Northern Pacific enterprise at its inception. In company with W. Milnor Roberts, the great engineer of his day, Mr. Wilkeson, then upward of fifty years of age, prospected the entire line of the road, and upon their joint reports the work was undertaken. He survived all the changes in the management of the undertaking, and died, as he had hoped to, virtually in its service, though recently retired from active duty on full pay.

JUSTICE BREWER.

After the new Justice of the Supreme Court shall have qualified and taken his seat, the remarkable spectacle will be presented of two members of the same family upon the bench of our highest judicatory. Justice Brewer is a nephew of Justice Field, his mother having been the second child of the Rev. D. D. Field, of Stockbridge. His father, the Rev. Josiah Brewer, was a missionary, and David Josiah Brewer was born in Smyrna, Asia Minor, June 20, 1837. The following year the whole family returned to this country, and lived successively at Wethersfield, New Haven, and Middletown, Connecticut, during David's youth. In 1851 he entered the Wesleyan University, but the last two years of his college course were spent at Yale, where he was graduated in the class of 1856. Chauncey M. Depew was a member of the same class, and has ever since graduation remained a warm friend of Judge Brewer.

After graduation, the young man entered the law office of his uncle, David Dudley Field, in this city. In 1858 he was graduated from the Albany Law School. The same year he went West, and in 1859 he settled in Leavenworth, Kansas, where he has lived ever since. Since the second year of his residence in Kansas, Judge Brewer has been almost continuously in the service of the public. In 1861 he was appointed a United States Commissioner; in 1862 he was elected Judge of the Probate and Criminal Court of Leavenworth County; and in 1864, Judge of the First Judicial District Court. In 1865 he was President of the Leavenworth City Board of Education, and for three years thereafter was City Superintendent of Schools. In 1870 he was elected Prosecuting Attorney for Leavenworth County, and in the fall of that year he was elected Associate Justice of the State Supreme Court, and re-elected in 1876 and 1882. In 1884 President Arthur appointed him Judge of the Eighth Judicial District United States Court, and there he has served ever since, acting for a long time as Presiding Judge of the district, which includes the States of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado. Perhaps his most celebrated decision was that in the case of Seebold against Kansas—a case involving the constitutionality of the prohibitory liquor law of the State. His decision was sustained on appeal by the United States Supreme Court. Justice Miller, of Iowa, over whose circuit Judge Brewer has presided, speaks of him in the highest terms, as do all the lawyers and judges with whom he has come in professional contact.

In person the new Justice is tall, and in his younger days was quite slender. He possesses that indomitable energy for which his mother's family has always been distinguished, and as becomes the son of a missionary, is a prominent member of the Congregational Church. He was married in 1861 to Miss Louise R. Loudon, of Burlington, Vermont, and has several children. It is worthy of note that immediately after receiving the news of his appointment he told a reporter that he had now reached the goal to which he had aspired ever since he began the study of law.


THE ONES HE HAS MET

WASHINGTON BOUND.

LADY TO WEST-POINTER. "Are the Indians such terrible fighters?"
LIEUTENANT SHIRKDUTY. "Not the ones I have met."

A WINTER TWILIGHT.

The earth is silent, chill, and white,
  No bird upon the rose-tree cheeps;
The sun has softly dropped from sight,
  The lazy millwheel soundly sleeps.

No surly winds in anger blow.
  A rose strip o'er the west is stretched,
Against whose evanescent glow
  The naked boughs are sharply etched.

The light is fading, day has sped,
  Weird shadows on the snow-drifts lie,
And the new moon, a silver thread,
  Is hanging in the olive sky.

R. K. Munkittrick.

PRESIDENT DA FONSECA.

The new ruler of Brazil, General Deodoro da Fonseca, has had scarcely that repute, even at home, which one looks for in a man suddenly elevated to be the Chief Magistrate of a great state. When the news of the revolution reached this country, the usual sources of biographical information yielded little to the seeker; even men well conversant with Brazilian affairs were unable to supply more than a few facts. A great part of General Fonseca's life appears to have been passed away from Rio, and his career has been almost exclusively a military one. In a land generally so peaceful as Brazil has been in Dom Pedro's days, the military career has not afforded very attractive avenues to distinction.

General Fonseca's age is given as about fifty-five, and, on his father's side at least, he comes of Portuguese stock. The family in Portugal was wealthy, and the father, early in this century, receiving some concessions of land in the province of Rio Grande do Sul, emigrated to Brazil, where he married a Brazilian lady, and became the father of three sons, of whom the future President was the eldest. From their home in the province of Rio Grande do Sul, which lies next to Uruguay, in the extreme southern corner of the vast territory of Brazil, the boys were sent to the capital of the Empire to be educated at the Polytechnic School. On graduation they entered the army, and when the war with Paraguay broke out, they went to the front and rose to be officers; in time all three were Generals. One of the three died only a few months ago, another has been for several years at the head of the army in Bahia, and the third is now President.

In the war with Paraguay, which ended in 1870, Deodoro won distinction in the battle of Mossoro. On the field he was promoted from Lieutenant to Major. Dom Pedro, on his return to Rio, bestowed upon him the Order of the Rose; he then made him Commandant of the army in Matto-Grosso province; then placed him in charge of the cartridge factory and magazine at Rio, and raised him to his rank of General. Down to 1883 there do not appear to have been other facts of note in Fonseca's life; but in that year he was instrumental in organizing a military club at Rio, which influenced in a large degree probably the recent overthrow of the imperial authority.

The membership of this club embraced the larger part of the officers of the Brazilian army. The political tone of it was decidedly republican. Fonseca was its president. On more than one occasion insubordination occurred; and when a few years ago Fonseca was sent to Matto-Grosso to protect Brazilian interests there, and was then made Governor of the province, the act was in some quarters interpreted as an effort to remove him from Rio, where his influence endangered the stability of the government. By the last cabinet but one he was, however, recalled, and it is easy to infer that events have justified the sending of him to Matto-Grosso. His friends in Rio received him with much rejoicing.

It has been stated that the military club of Rio would have been suppressed long ago had the government not been in fear of a revolution as the consequence. Indeed, it was proposed that Fonseca be court-martialled, but the Emperor stopped the proceedings.

TRINITY CHURCH-YARD.

Here, from the busy, crowded thoroughfare,
  Amid the din of wheels and hoofs that beat
  Incessantly upon the paven street,
I step aside within the church-yard, where
A smell of grass is mingled with the air,
  And watch the throng go by on tireless feet,
  See friends and strangers in brief silence greet,
And note the faces fraught with joy or care.

How vain it seems, this endless, eager quest
  Of gold—the ghost that flees before our sight!
Here is the goal of all—sweet peace and rest;
  Here, after all the world's perplexing plight,
Slumber her children calmly on her breast,
  Waiting the morning of eternal light.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

A PUZZLE.

Why grown men and women with matured reflective powers should neglect their small ailments is really a puzzle. Hosts of otherwise sensible people thus bewilder conjecture. It is one of the things which, as the late lamented Lord Dundreary exclaimed, "no fellah can find out." Diseases grow faster than weeds, and, moreover, beget one another. Incipient indigestion, a touch of biliousness, slight irregularity in the habit of body—what complex and serious bodily disturbance, not local, but general, do these not beget, if disregarded? Baffle and drive off the foe at the first onset with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, sovereign among preventives. A constitution invigorated, a circulation enriched, a brain and stomach tranquillized by this national medicine, becomes well-nigh invulnerable. The Bitters counteract malaria, rheumatism, and kidney complaint.—[*Adv.*]

THE LIMITED FAST MAIL.

The Union Pacific Railway, the Overland Route, has just put on a Limited Fast Mail Train to carry the United States mail between Council Bluffs and San Francisco and Portland. This daily Fast Mail train will carry a limited number of passengers, and in addition to the United States Mail Cars, and a baggage car, will be composed of a Pullman Palace Sleeper and Pullman Dining-Car for Portland, and a Pullman Sleeping-Car for San Francisco, thus accommodating a limited number of passengers.

The sleepers and the diner will run through from Chicago, via the Chicago & North-Western Railway. Only first-class tickets will be honored on this train.

This train, with its connections, makes the extraordinary time of 107 hours, New York to San Francisco, and 104 hours to Portland.

As accommodations are limited, early application for same should be made to the Union Pacific Agents in New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, or to E. L. Lomax, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.—[*Adv.*]

JUST THE THING FOR A HOLIDAY PRESENT.

"Halma." The new and Popular Game.

Rev. Chas. Cuthbert Hall, of Brooklyn, writes:

You have conferred a favor upon many thousands of happy homes by introducing a game which is most amusing to young persons and most absorbing to older ones. You have provided rational and restful entertainment for vast numbers of cosy winter evenings in town or country.

"Halma" will be sent free to any address on receipt of one dollar.

E. I. Horsman, Publisher, 80 and 82 William St., N. Y. —[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.-[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"The Great Pain Reliever," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.-[*Adv.*]

Nicholson's Liquid Bread is an absolutely pure extract of malt containing 90 per cent. of nourishment. It invigorates and builds up the system.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP
For the complexion and skin. 25 cts.—[*Adv.*]

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists. —[*Adv.*]

No Christmas and New-Year's Table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned Appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

Your wasted cheeks may have all the plumpness and bloom of health through your use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This time-honored remedy still leads the van. It improves digestion, purifies the blood, and invigorates the system. Give it a trial.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion	$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion	2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space	10%
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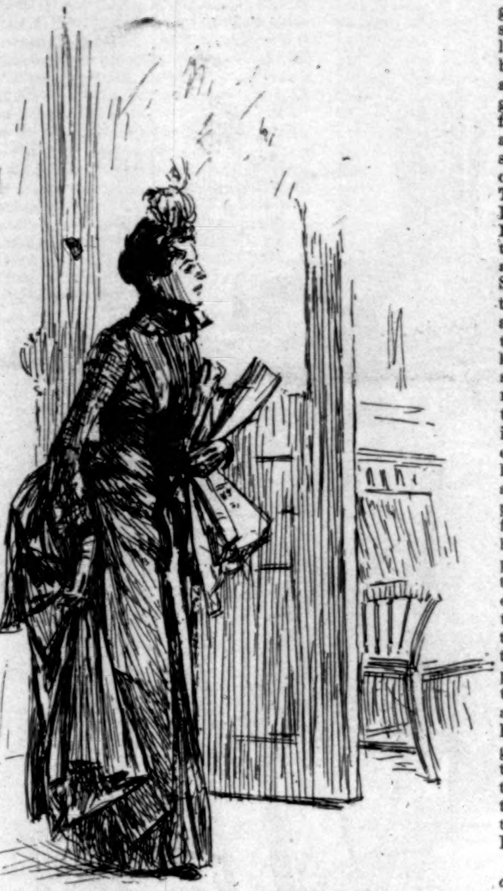
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



"MRS. ROBERTS, WITH MANY PROOFS OF AN AFTERNOON'S SHOPPING IN HER HAND."

THE ALBANY DEPOT.

(*Continued from front page.*)

you're always so prompt, and I always wonder at it, such an absent-minded creature as you are. But you came near spoiling everything by getting here behind this pillar, and burying yourself in your book that way. If it hadn't been for my principle of always asking questions, I never should have found you in the world. But just as I was really beginning to despair, the chorewoman came by, and I asked her if she had seen any gentleman here lately; and she said there was one now, over here, and I stretched up and saw you. I had such a fright for a moment, not seeing you; for I left my little plush bag with my purse in it at Stearns's, and I've got to hurry right back; though I'm afraid they'll be shut when I get there, Saturday afternoon, this way; but I'm going to rattle at the front door, and perhaps they'll come—they always stay, some of them, to put the goods away; and I can tell them I don't want to buy anything, but I left my bag with my purse in it, and I guess they'll let me in. I want you to keep these things for me, Edward; and I'll leave my shopping bag; I sha'n't want it any more. Don't lose any of them. Better keep them all in your lap here together, and then nobody will come and sit on them." She disburdens herself of her packages and parcels, and arranges them on her husband's knees, while she goes on talking. "I'm almost ready to drop, I'm so tired, and I do believe I should let you go up to Stearns's for me; but you couldn't describe the bag so they would recognize it, let alone what was in it, and they wouldn't give it to you, even if they would let you in to inquire: they're much more likely to let a lady in than a gentleman. But I shall take a coupé, and tell the driver simply to fly, though there's plenty of time to go to the ends of the earth and back before our train starts. Only I should like to be here to receive the Campbells, and keep Willis from buying tickets for Amy and himself, and us too, for that matter; he has that vulgar passion—I don't know where he's picked it up—for wanting to pay everybody's way; and you'd never think of your Hundred-Trip ticket-book till it was too late. Do take your book out and hold it in your hand, so you'll be sure to remember it, as soon as you see Willis. You had better keep saying over to yourself, 'Willis—Hundred-Trip Tickets—Willis—Hundred-Trip Tickets'; that's the way *I* do. Where *is* the book? I have to remember everything! *Do* keep your ticket-book in your hand, Edward, till Willis comes."

Roberts: "But I want to read, Agnes, and I've got to hold my *Pop. Sci.* with one hand and keep your traps in my lap with the other. Did you find a cook?"

Mrs. Roberts, with rapturous admiration of him "Well, Edward, you *have* got a brain! I declare, the cook had utterly gone out of my mind. Forgetting that plush bag makes me forget everything. I've got a splendid one—a perfect treasure. She won't do any of the wash, and we'll have to put that out; and she's been used to having a kitchen-maid; but she said we were such a small family that she could shell the pease herself. She's the most respectable-looking old thing you ever saw; and she's been having ten dollars a week from the last family she was in; but she'll come the summer with us for six. I was very fortunate to get her; all the good girls are snapped up for the sea-side in May, and they won't go into the country for love or money. It was the greatest chance! She's such a neat, quiet, lady-like person, and all the better for being Irish and a Catholic: Catholics *do* give so much more of a flavor; and I never could associate that Nova Scotia sunken-cheeked leanness of Maria's with a cook. This one's name is—well, I forget what her name is; Bridget, or Norah, or something like that—and she's a perfect little butter-ball. She's coming to go out on the same train with us; and she'll get the dinner to-night; and I sha'n't have the mortification of sitting down to a pick-up meal with Amy Campbell, the first time she has visited us; she's conceited enough about her housekeeping as it is, I'm sure, and I wouldn't have her patronizing and pitying me for worlds. The cook will be here at half past three precisely; I had to pretend the train started a little earlier than it does so as to make her punctual; they *are* such uncertain things! and I don't suppose I shall be back by that time, quite, Edward, and so you must receive her. Let me see!" She glances up at the clock on the wall. "It's just quarter past now, and our train goes at ten minutes to four— My goodness! I'll have to hurry."

The Colored Man who cries the Trains, walking half-way into the room and then out: "Cars ready for Cottage Farms, Longwood, Chestnut Hill, Brookline, Newton Centre, Newton Highlands, Waban, Riverside, and all stations between Riverside and Boston. Circuit Line train now ready on Track No. 3."

Mrs. Roberts, in extreme agitation: "Good gracious, Edward, that's our train!"

Roberts, jumping to his feet and dropping all her packages: "No, no, it isn't, my dear! That's the Circuit Line train; didn't you hear? Ours doesn't go till ten to four, on the Main Line."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh yes, so it does. How ridiculous! But now I *must* run away and leave you, or I never shall get back in time. Be sure to speak to the cook as soon as she comes in, or she'll get discouraged and go away again; you can't depend on them for an instant; I told her *you* would be here to meet her, if I wasn't—I thought I might be late; and you mustn't let her slip. And if the Campbells happen to get here before I'm back, don't you give them the least inkling of our having just engaged a cook. I'm going to smuggle her into the house without Amy's knowing it; I wouldn't have her know it for the world. She prides herself on keeping that impudent spoiled thing of hers, with her two soups; and she would simply never stop crowing if she knew I'd had to change cooks in the middle of the summer."

Roberts, picking up and dropping the multitudinous packages, and finally sitting down with them all in his lap, very red and heated: "I'll be careful, my dear."

Mrs. Roberts: "How flushed you are, bending over! You're so stout now, you ought to bend sidewise; it's perfect folly, your trying to bend *straight* over; you'll get apoplexy. But now I *must* run, or I shall never be back in the world. Don't forget to look out for the cook!"

Roberts, at whom she glances with misgiving as she runs out, holding the parcels on his knees with both elbows and one hand, and contriving with the help of his chin to get his magazine open again: "No, no; I won't, my dear." He loses himself in his reading, while people come and go restlessly. A gentleman finally drops into the seat beside him, and contemplates his absorption with friendly amusement.

II.

ROBERTS *and* WILLIS CAMPBELL.

Campbell: "Don't mind *me*, Roberts."

Roberts, looking up: "Heigh? What! Why, Willis! Glad to see you—"

Campbell: "Now that you *do* see me, yes, I suppose you are. What have you got there that makes you cut all your friends?" He looks at Roberts's open page. "Oh! *Popular Science Monthly.* Isn't Agnes a little afraid of your turning out an agnostic? By-the-way, where *is* Agnes?"

Roberts: "She left her purse at Stearns's, and she's gone back after it. Where's Amy?"

Campbell: "Wherever she said she wouldn't be at the moment. I expected to find her here with you and Agnes. What time did you say your train started?"

Roberts: "At ten minutes to four. And by-the-way—I'd almost forgotten it—I must keep an eye out for the cook Agnes has been engaging. She was to meet us here before half past two, and I shall have to receive her. You mustn't tell Amy; Agnes doesn't want her to know she's been changing cooks; and I've got to be very vigilant not to let her give us the slip, or you won't have any dinner to-night."

Campbell: "Is that so? Well, that interests *me.* Were you expecting to find her in the *Pop. Sci.*?"

Roberts: "Oh, I'd only been reading a minute when you came in."

Campbell: "I don't believe you know how long you'd been reading. Very likely your cook's come and gone."

Roberts, with some alarm: "She couldn't. I'd only just opened the book."

Campbell: "I dare say you *think* so. But you'd better cast your eagle eye over this assemblage now, and see if she isn't here; though probably she's gone. What sort of looking woman is she?"

Roberts, staring at him in consternation: "Bless my soul! I don't know! I never saw her!"

Campbell: "Never saw her?"

Roberts: "No; Agnes engaged her at the intelligence office, and told her we should meet her here; and she had to go back for her purse, and left me to explain."

Campbell: "Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! How did she expect you to recognize her?"

Roberts: "I—I don't know, I'm sure. She—she was very anxious I shouldn't let her get away."

Campbell, laughing: "You poor old fellow! What are you going to do?"

Roberts: "I'm sure I've no idea. Agnes—"

Campbell: "Agnes ought to have a keeper. You know what I've always thought of *your* presence of mind, Roberts; but Agnes—I'm really surprised at Agnes. This is too good! I must tell Amy this. She'll never get over this. Ah, ha, ha, ha!"

Roberts: "No, no! You mustn't, Willis. Agnes would be very much provoked with me, if you told Amy she had been engaging a cook. She expects to smuggle her into the house without Amy's knowing."

Campbell: "And she left you to meet her here, and keep her—a cook you'd never set eyes on! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ah, ha, ha, ha! What's her name?"

Roberts: "Agnes couldn't remember her last name—one never remembers a cook's last name. Her first name is Norah or Bridget."

Campbell: "Maggie, perhaps; they all sound alike. Ah, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! This improves."

Roberts: "Don't, Willis; you'll attract attention. What—what shall I do? If Agnes comes back, and finds I've let the cook get away, she'll be terribly put out."

Campbell: "Perfectly furious, you poor old fellow!—the rage of a disappointed pigeon! I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything. Oh my! I wish Amy was here. Did—did—Agnes"—(he struggles with his laughter, and explodes from time to time between syllables)—"did she tell you how the woman looked?"

Roberts: "She said she was a very respectable looking old thing—a perfect butter-ball. I suppose she was stout."

Campbell: "That covers the ground of a great many cooks. They're apt to look respectable when they're off duty and they're not in liquor, and they're apt to be perfect butter-balls. Any other distinctive traits?"

Roberts, ruefully: "I don't know. She's Irish, and a Catholic."

Campbell: "They're apt to be Irish, and Catholics too. Well, Roberts, I don't see what you can ask better. All you've got to do is to pick out a respectable butter-ball of that religion and nationality, and tell her you're Mrs. Roberts's husband, and you're to keep her from slipping away till Mrs. Roberts gets here."

Roberts: "Oh, pshaw, now, Willis! What would you do?"

Campbell: "*There's* a respectable butter-ball over in the corner by the window there. You'd better go and speak to her. She's got a gingham bundle, like a cook's, in her lap, and she keeps looking about in a fidgety way, as if she expected somebody. I guess that's your woman, Roberts. Better not let her give you the slip. You'll never hear the last of it from Agnes if you do. And who'll get our dinner to-night?"

Roberts, looking over at the woman in the corner, with growing conviction: "She does answer to the description."

Campbell: "Yes, and she looks tired of waiting. If I know anything of that woman's character, Roberts, she thinks she's been trifled with, and she's not going to stay to be made a fool of any longer."

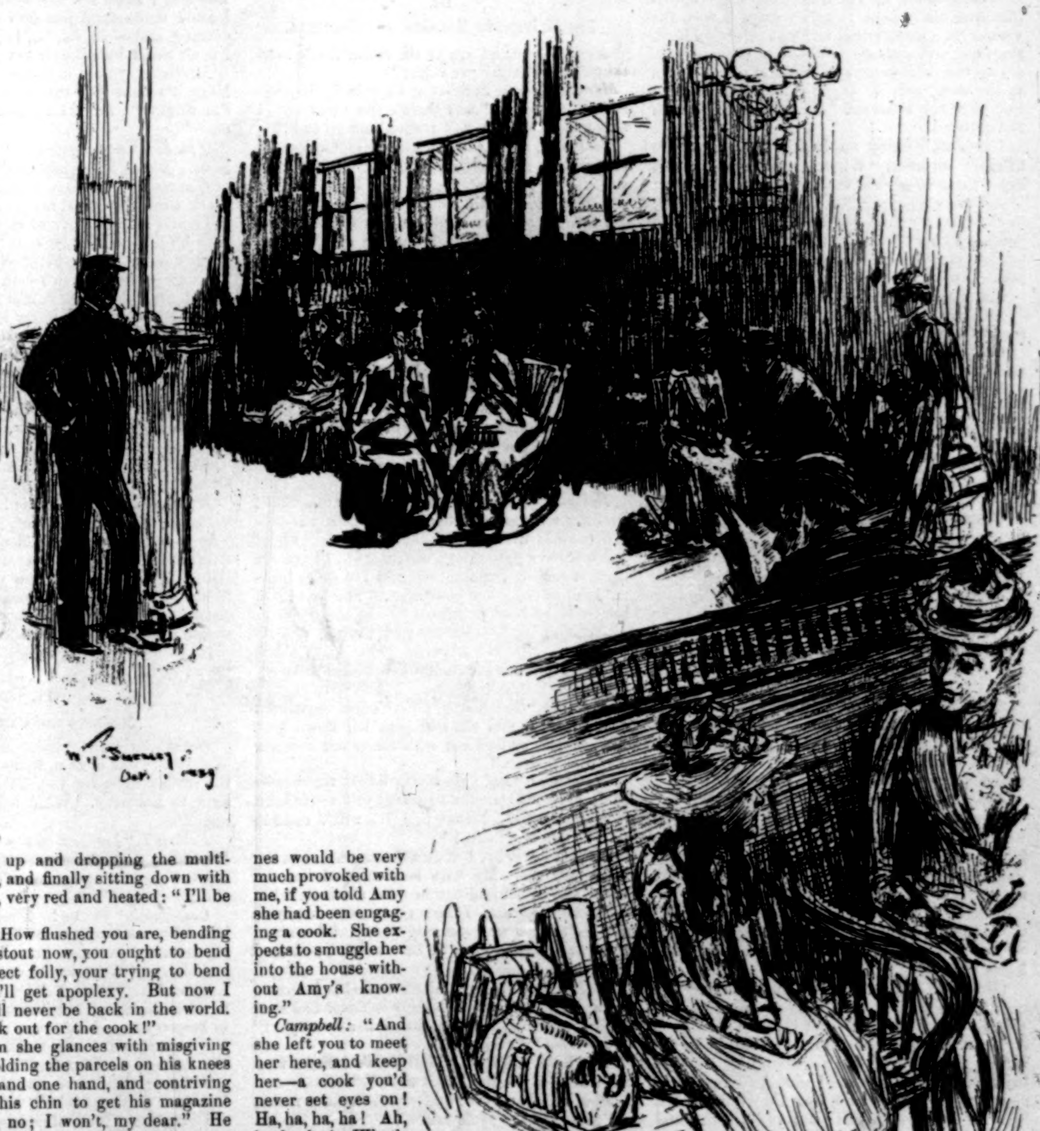
Roberts, getting to his feet: "Do you think so? What makes you think so? Would you go and speak to her?"

Campbell: "I don't know. She seems to be looking this way. Perhaps she thinks she recognizes *you*, as she never saw you before."

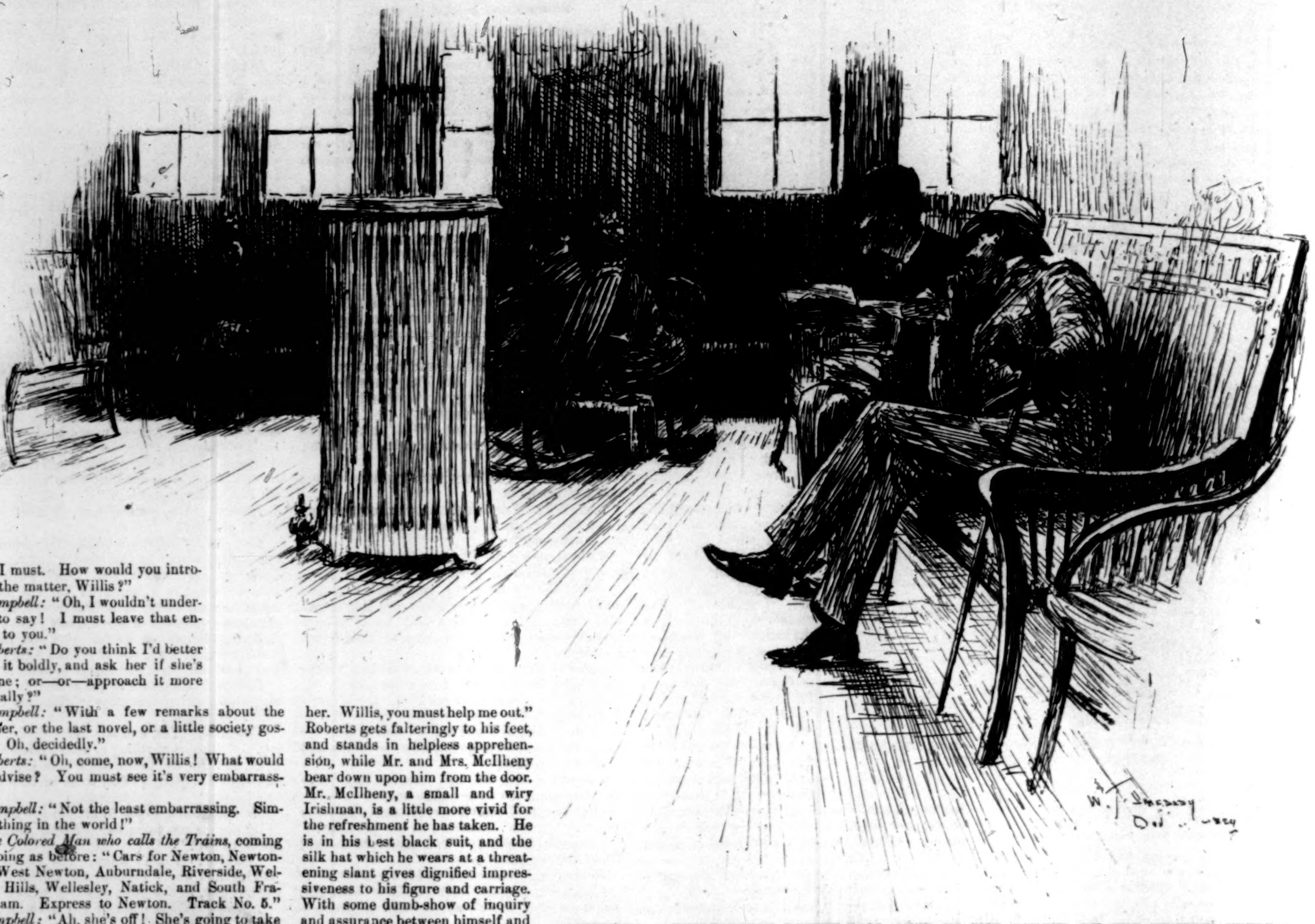
Roberts: "There can't be any harm in asking her? She does seem to be looking this way."

Campbell: "Pretty blackly, too. I guess she's lost faith in you. It wouldn't be any use to speak to her now, Roberts."

Roberts: "I don't know. I'm afraid I'd bet-



"HE LOSES HIMSELF IN HIS READING, WHILE PEOPLE COME AND GO RESTLESSLY."



"'THERE'S A RESPECTABLE BUTTER-BALL OVER IN THE CORNER BY THE WINDOW THERE.'"

ter. I must. How would you introduce the matter, Willis?"

Campbell: "Oh, I wouldn't undertake to say! I must leave that entirely to you."

Roberts: "Do you think I'd better go at it boldly, and ask her if she's the one; or—or—approach it more gradually?"

Campbell: "With a few remarks about the weather, or the last novel, or a little society gossip? Oh, decidedly."

Roberts: "Oh, come, now, Willis! What would you advise? You must see it's very embarrassing."

Campbell: "Not the least embarrassing. Simplest thing in the world!"

The Colored Man who calls the Trains, coming and going as before: "Cars for Newton, Newtonville, West Newton, Auburndale, Riverside, Wellesley Hills, Wellesley, Natick, and South Framingham. Express to Newton. Track No. 5."

Campbell: "Ah, she's off! She's going to take the wrong train. She's gathering her traps together, Roberts!"

Roberts: "I'll go and speak to her." He makes a sudden dash for the woman in the corner. Campbell takes up his magazine, and watches him over the top of it, as he stops before the woman, in a confidential attitude. In a moment she rises, and with a dumb-show of offence gathers up her belongings and marches past Roberts to the door, with an angry glance backward at him over her shoulder. He returns crestfallen to Campbell.

Campbell, looking up from his magazine, in affected surprise: "Where's your cook? You don't mean to say she was the wrong woman?"

Roberts, gloomily: "She wasn't the right one."

Campbell: "How do you know? What did you say to her?"

Roberts: "I asked her if she had an appointment to meet a gentleman here."

Campbell: "You *did?* And what did she say?"

Roberts: "She said 'No!' very sharply. She seemed to take it in dudgeon; she fired up."

Campbell: "I should think so. Sounded like an improper advertisement."

Roberts, in great distress: "*Don't,* Willis, for Heaven's sake!"

Campbell: "Why, you must see it had a very clandestine look. How did you get out of it?"

Roberts: "I didn't. I got into it further. I told her my wife had made an appointment for me to meet a cook here that she'd engaged—"

Campbell: "You added insult to injury. Go on!"

Roberts: "And that she corresponded somewhat to the description; and—and—"

Campbell: "Well?"

Roberts: "And she told me she was no more a cook than my wife was; and she said she'd teach me to be playing my jokes on ladies; and she grabbed up her things and flew out of the room."

Campbell: "Waddled, *I* should have said. But this is pretty serious, Roberts. She may be a relation of John L. Sullivan's. I guess we better get out of here; or, no, we can't! We've got to wait for Amy and Agnes."

Roberts: "What—what would you do?"

Campbell: "I don't know. Look here, Roberts: would you mind sitting a little way off, so as to look as if I didn't belong with you? I don't want to be involved in this little row of yours unnecessarily."

Roberts: "Oh, come, now, Willis! You don't think she'll make any trouble? I apologized. I said everything I could think of. She *must* think I was sincere."

Campbell: "In taking her for a cook? I've no doubt she did. But I don't see how that would help matters. I don't suppose she's gone for an officer; but I suspect she's looking up the largest Irishman of her acquaintance, to come back and interview you. I should advise you to go out and get on some train; I'd willingly wait here for Amy and Agnes; but you see the real cook might come here, after you went, and I shouldn't know her from Adam—or Eve. See?"

Roberts, desperately: "I see— Good heavens! Here comes that woman back; and a man with her. Willis, you must help me out." Roberts gets falteringly to his feet, and stands in helpless apprehension, while Mr. and Mrs. McIlheny bear down upon him from the door. Mr. McIlheny, a small and wiry Irishman, is a little more vivid for the refreshment he has taken. He is in his best black suit, and the silk hat which he wears at a threatening slant gives dignified impressiveness to his figure and carriage. With some dumb-show of inquiry and assurance between himself and his wife, he plants himself in front of Roberts, in an attitude equally favorable for offence and defence.

III.

The McILHENYS, ROBERTS, *and* CAMPBELL.

McIlheny: "And are ye the mahn that's after takun' my wife for yer cuke?"

Mrs. McIlheny, indicating Campbell, absorbed in his magazine: "And there's the other wan I saw jokun' wid um, and puttun' um up to it."

McIlheny, after a swift glance at Campbell's proportions and self-possession: "That's what ye're after thinkun', Mary; but I haven't got annything to do with what ye're after thinkun'. All I wannt to know is what this mahn meant by preshumin' to speak to a lady he didn't know, and takun' her for a cuke." To Roberts: "Will ye tell me that, ye—"

Roberts, in extreme embarrassment: "Yes, yes, certainly; I shall be very glad to explain, if you'll just step here, to the corner. We're attracting attention where we are—"

McIlheny: "Attintion! Do ye suppose I care for attintion, when it's me wife that's been insulted?" He follows Roberts up, with Mrs. McIlheny, as he retires to the corner where she had been sitting, out of the way of the people coming and going. Campbell, after a moment, closes his magazine, and joins them.

Roberts: "Insulted? By no manner of means! Nothing was farther from my thoughts. I—I—can explain it all in a moment, my dear sir, if you will have patience; I can indeed. I have the highest respect for the lady, and I'm quite incapable of offering her an affront. The fact is—I hardly know how to begin—"

McIlheny: "Go ahn, sor; or I'll have to do the beginnun' meself, pretty soon." He shifts himself from one foot to another with a saltatory briskness.

Roberts: "The fact is, my wife had engaged a cook, uptown, and she had sent her down here to meet me, and go out with me to our summer place at Weston."

McIlheny: "An' fwhat has all that rigamarole to do wid your speakin' to a lady ye'd never been inthrojuced to? Fwhat had yer wife's cuke to do wid Mrs. McIlheny?"

Roberts: "Why, I didn't know the cook by sight, you see. My wife had engaged her uptown, and appointed her to meet me here, without reflecting that I had never seen her, and wouldn't know who she was, when I *did* see her; she partly expected to be here herself, and so I didn't reflect, either."

McIlheny, with signs of an amicable interest: "An' she lift ye to mate a lady ye never had seen before, and expicted ye to know her by soight?"

Roberts: "Precisely."

McIlheny, smiling: "Well, that's loike a wooman, Mary; ye can't say it ain't."

Mrs. McIlheny, grinning: "It's loike a mahn, too, Mike, by the same token."

McIlheny: "Sure it's no bad joke on ye, sor."

Campbell, interposing: "I was having my laugh at him when your good lady here noticed us. You see, I know his wife—she's my sister—and I could understand just how she would do such a thing, and—ah, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! I don't think I shall ever get over it."

McIlheny "Sure it *is* good! Hu, hu, hu, hu! Mary, it's what ye'd call a bull, if it was Irish, I'm thinkun'; an' it's no bad bull as it is, my dear."

Mrs. McIlheny, laughing: "Ye're right there, Mike. It's as fine a bull as ever there was."

Campbell: "And my friend here insisted on going over and speaking to the lady, in hopes she could help him out of the difficulty. I suppose he bungled it; he only wanted to ask her if she'd seen a cook here, who had an appointment to go out of town with a gentleman. I'd been joking him about it, and he thought he must do something; and I fancy he made a mess of it. He was a good deal worked up. Ha, ha, ha! Ah, ha, ha, ha!" Mr. and Mrs. McIlheny join in his laugh, and finally Roberts himself.

The Colored Man who calls the Trains, coming and going: "Cars for Auburndale, Riverside, Pine Grove, and Newton Lower Falls. Express to Auburndale. Track No. 7.

Mrs. McIlheny: "There's our train, Mike! Come!"

McIlheny: "So 'tis, Mary! Well, I'm hawpy to make yer acquaintance, gentlemen; and if ye're ever in the City Hahl when the Council is sittun', and ye'll send in yer names to Mike McIlheny, I'll be pl'ased to show ye ahl the attintion in me power. Ye must excuse me now; we're jist runnun' out to the Fahls to pass Sunday at a cousin's of Mrs. McIlheny's." He shakes hands with Roberts and Campbell, and runs out, followed by his wife.

IV.

ROBERTS *and* CAMPBELL.

Campbell: "Distinguished public character. Well, we're out of that, Roberts. I had to crowd the truth a little for you, but I fetched the belligerent McIlheny. What are you going in for next?"

Roberts: "I—upon my word, I haven't the least idea. I think I shall give up trying to identify the cook. Agnes must do it herself when she comes here."

Campbell: "Oh no! *That* won't do, old fellow. The cook may come here and give you the slip before Agnes gets back."

Roberts: "What would you do?"

Campbell: "Well, I don't know; I don't like to advise, exactly; but it seems to me you've got to keep trying. You've got to keep your eye out for respectable butter-balls, and not let them slip through your fingers."

Roberts: "You mean, go up and speak to them? I *couldn't* do that again."

Campbell: "Well, of course you didn't make a howling success with Mrs. McIlheny; but it wasn't a dead-failure either. But you must use a little more diplomacy—lead up to the subject gently. Don't go and ask a woman if she's a cook, or had an appointment to meet a gentleman here. *That* won't do. I'll tell you! You might introduce the business by asking if she had happened to see a lady coming in or going out; and then describe Agnes, and say you had expected to meet her here. And she'll say she hadn't seen her here, but such a lady had just engaged her as a cook. And then you'll say you're the lady's husband, and you're sure she'll be in in a moment. And there you are! That's the way you ought to have worked it with Mrs. McIlheny. Then it would have come out all right."

Roberts, pessimistically: "I don't see how it would have made her the cook."

Campbell: "It couldn't have done that, of course; but it would have done everything short of that. But we're well enough out of it, anyway. It was mighty lucky I came in with my little amendment just when I did. There's all the difference in the world between asking a lady whether she *is* a cook and whether she's *seen* a cook. That difference just saved the self-respect of the McIlhenys, and saved your life. It gave the truth a slight twist in the right direction. You can't be too careful about the truth, Roberts. You can't offer it to people in the crude state; it's got to be prepared. If you'd carried it through the way I wanted you to, the night you and old Bemis garroted each other, you'd have come out perfectly triumphant. What you want is not the *real* truth, but the *ideal* truth; not what you *did,* but what you *ought* to have done. Heigh? Now, you see, those McIlhenys have gone off with their susceptibilities in perfect repair, simply because I substituted a *for* for an *if,* and made you inquire *for* a cook instead of *if* she was a cook. Perhaps you did ask for instead of ask if?"

Roberts: "No, no. I asked her if she *was* a cook."

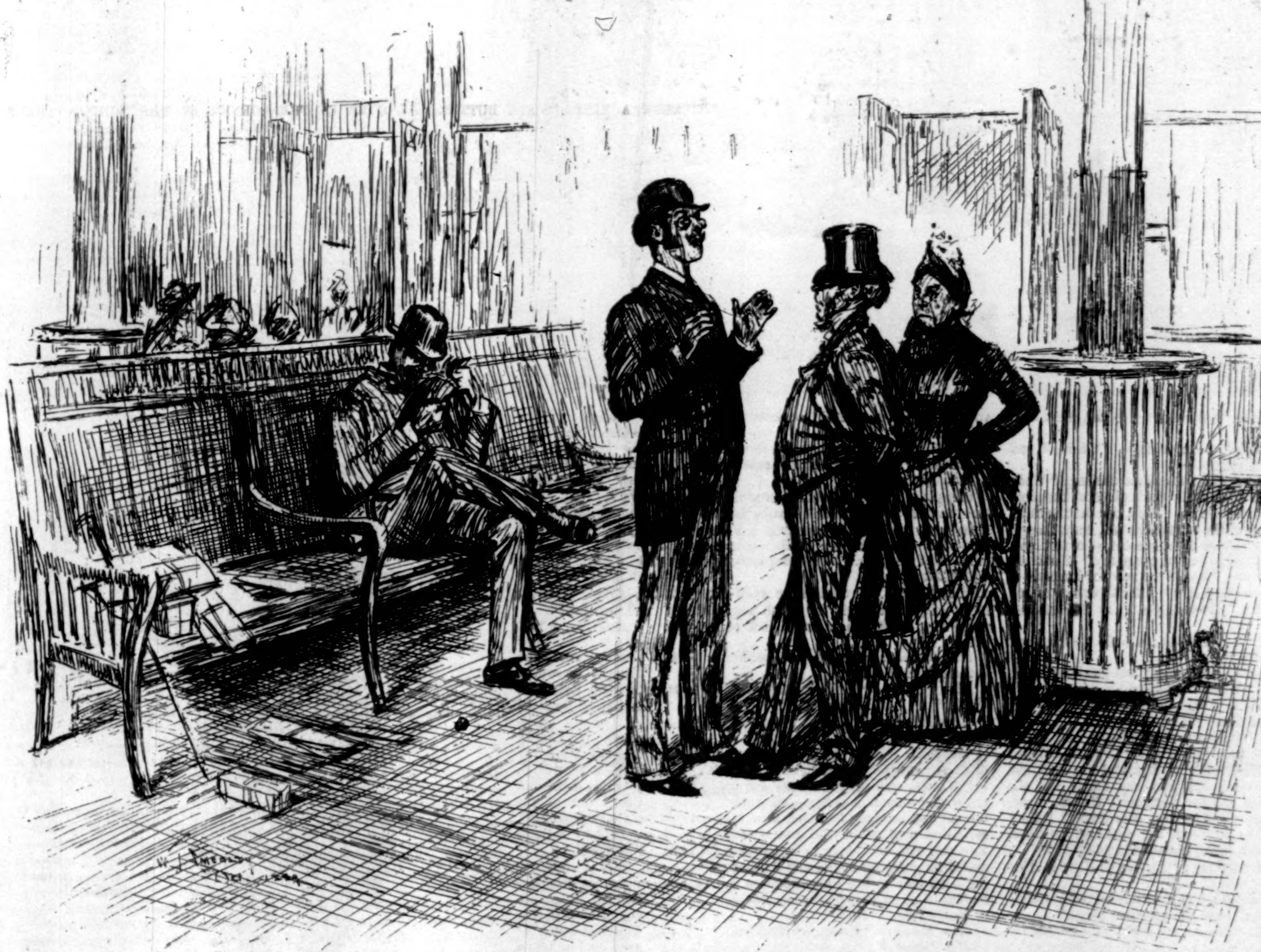
Campbell: "Well, I'm glad the McIlhenys had too much sense to believe that. They're happy, anyway. They're enjoying the hobble that you and Agnes are in, with lofty compassion. They—Hello! here's that fellow coming back again!"

Roberts: "Who? Which? Where?" He starts nervously about, and confronts Mr. McIlheny bearing down upon him with a countenance of provisional severity.

McIlheny: "Just wan word more wid you, sor. Mrs. McIlheny has been thinkun' it oover, and she says you didn't ask her if she was after *seeun'* a cuke, but whether she was after *beun'* a cuke? Now, sir, which wahs ut? Out wid ut! Don't be thinkun' ye can throw dust in our eyes because we're Irishmen!" A threatening tone prevails in Mr. McIlheny's address at the mounting confusion and hesitation in Roberts. "Come! are ye deef, mahn?"

Roberts, in spite of Campbell's dumb-show inciting him to fiction: "I—I— If you will kindly step apart here, I can explain. I was very confused when I spoke to Mrs. McIlheny."

McIlheny, following him and Willis into the corner: "Fwhat made ye take my wife for a cuke? Did she luke anny more like a cuke than



"'GO AHN, SOR; OR I'LL HAVE TO DO THE BEGINNUN' MESELF, PRETTY SOON.'"

yer own wife? Her family is the best in County Mayo. Her father kept six cows, and she never put her hands in wather. And ye come up to her in a public place like this, where ye're afraid to spake aboove yer own breath, and ask her if she's after beun' the cuke yer wife's engaged. Fwhat do ye mane by ut?"

Roberts: "My dear sir, I know—I can understand how it seems offensive; but I can assure you that I had no intention—no—no—" he falters, with an imploring glance at Campbell, who takes the word.

Campbell: "Look here, Mr. McIlheny, you can appreciate the feelings of a gentleman situated as my friend was here. He had to meet a lady whom he had never seen before, and didn't know by sight; and we decided—Mrs. McIlheny was so pleasant and kindly looking—that he should go and ask her if she had seen a lady of the description he was looking for, and—"

McIlheny: "Yessor! I can appreciate ahl *that*. But fwhy did he ask her if *she* was the lady? Fwhy did he ask her if she was a cuke? That's what I wannt to know?"

Campbell: "Well, now, I'm sure you can understand that. He was naturally a good deal embarrassed at having to address a strange lady; his mind was full of his wife's cook, and instead of asking her if she'd *seen* a cook, he bungled and he blundered, and asked her—I suppose—if she *was* a cook. Can't you see that? how it would happen?"

McIlheny, with conviction: "Yessor. I can. And I'll feel it an hannor if you gentlemen will join me in a glass of wine on the carner, across the way—"

Campbell: "But your train?"

McIlheny: "Oh, domn the thrain! But I'll just stip aboord and tell Mrs. McIlheny I've met a frind, an' I'll be out by the next thrain, an' I'll be back wid you in a jiffy." He runs out, and Campbell turns to Roberts.

Roberts: "Good heavens, Willis! what are we going to do? Surely we can't go out and drink with this man?"

Campbell: "I'm afraid we sha'n't have the pleasure. I'm afraid Mrs. McIlheny is of a suspicious nature; and when Mr. Mac comes back, it'll be to offer renewed hostility instead of renewed hospitality. I don't see anything for us but flight, Roberts. Or, *you* can't fly, you poor old fellow! You've got to stay and look out for that cook. I'd be glad to stay for you, but, you see, I should not know her."

Roberts: "I don't know her either, Willis. I was just thinking whether you couldn't manage this wretched man rather better alone. I—I'm afraid I confuse you; and he gets things out of me—admissions, you know—"

Campbell: "No, no! Your moral support is everything. That lie of mine is getting whittled away to nothing; we shall soon be down to the bare truth. If it hadn't been for these last admissions of yours, I don't know what I should have done. They were a perfect inspiration. I'll tell you what, Roberts! I believe you can manage this business twice as well without me. But you must keep your eye out for the cook! You mustn't let any respectable butter-ball leave the room without asking her if she's the one. You'll know how to put it more delicately, now. And I won't complicate you with McIlheny any more. I'll just step out here—"

Roberts: "No, no, no! You mustn't go, Willis. You mustn't indeed! I shouldn't know what to do with that tipsy nuisance. Ah, here he comes again!"

Campbell, cheerily, to the approaching McIlheny: "I hope you didn't lose your train, Mr. McIlheny!"

McIlheny, darkly: "Never moind my thrain, sor! My wife says it was a put-up jahb between ye. She says ye were after laughun', and lukun' and winkun' at her before this mahn stipped up to spake to her. Now what do ye make of that?"

Campbell: "We were laughing, of course. I had been laughing at my friend's predicament, in being left to meet a lady he'd never seen before. You laughed at it yourself."

McIlheny: "I did, sor."

Roberts, basely truckling to him: "It was certainly a ludicrous position."

Campbell: "And when we explained it, it amused your good lady too. She laughed as much as yourself—"

McIlheny: "She did, sor. Ye're right. Sure it would make a cow laugh. Well, gentlemen, ye must excuse me. Mrs. McIlheny says I mustn't stop for the next thrain, and I'll have to ask you to join me in that glass of wine some other toime."

Campbell: "Oh, it's all right, Mr. McIlheny. You've only got about half a minute." He glances at the clock, and McIlheny runs out, profusely waving his hand in adieu.

Roberts, taking out his handkerchief and wiping his forehead: "Well, thank Heaven! we're rid of him at last."

Campbell: "I'm not so sure of that. He'll probably miss the train. You may be sure Mrs. McIlheny is waiting for him outside of it, and then we shall have them both on our hands indefinitely. We shall have to explain and explain. Fiction has entirely failed us, and I feel that the truth is giving way under our feet. I'll tell you what, Roberts!"

Roberts, in despair: "What?"

Campbell: "Why, if McIlheny should happen to come back alone, we mustn't wait for him to renew his invitation to drink; we must take him out ourselves, and get him drunk; so drunk he can't remember anything; stone drunk; dead drunk. Or, that is, *you* must. I haven't got anything to do with him. I wash my hands of the whole affair."

Roberts: "You mustn't, Willis! You know I can't manage without you. And you know I can't take the man out and get him drunk. I couldn't. I shouldn't feel that it was right."

Campbell: "Yes, I know. You'd have to drink with him; and you've got no head at all. You'd probably get drunk first, and I don't know what I should say to Agnes."

Roberts: "That isn't the point, Willis. I couldn't ask the man to drink; I should consider it immoral. Besides, what should you do if the cook came while I was away? You wouldn't know her."

Campbell: "Well, neither would you, if you staid."

Roberts: "That's true. There doesn't seem to be any end of it, or any way out of it. I must just stay and bear it."

Campbell: "Of *course* you must stay. And when McIlheny comes back, you'd better ask him out to look upon the wine when it is red."

Roberts: "No; that's impossible, quite. I shouldn't mind the association—though it isn't very pleasant; but to offer drink to a man already— Do you suppose it would do to ask him out for a glass of soda? Plain soda would be good for him. Or I could order claret in it, if the worst came to the worst."

Campbell: "Claret! What Mr. McIlheny requires is forty-rod whiskey in a solution of sulphuric acid. You must take that, or fourth proof brandy straight, with him."

Roberts, miserably: "I couldn't; you know I couldn't."

Campbell: "What are you going to do, then?"

Roberts: "I don't know; I don't know. I—I'll give him in charge to a policeman."

Campbell: "And make a scandal here?"

Roberts: "Of course it can't be done!"

Campbell: "Of *course* it can't. Give a councilman in charge? The policeman will be Irish too, and then what'll you do? You're more likely to be carried off yourself, when the facts are explained. They'll have an ugly look in the police report."

Roberts: "Oh, it can't be done! Nothing can be done! I wish Agnes would come!"

The Colored Man who calls the Trains: "Cars ready for South Framingham, Whitneys, East Holliston, Holliston, Metcalf's, Braggville, and Milford. Express to Framingham. Milford Branch. Track No. 3."

V.

Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Campbell, Roberts, *and*
Campbell; *then* The Cook *and* McIlheny.

Mrs. Roberts, rushing in and looking about in a flutter, till she discovers her husband: "Good gracious, Edward! Is that our train? I ran all the way from the station door as fast as I could run, and I'm perfectly out of breath. Did you ever hear of anything like my meeting Amy on the very instant? She was getting out of her coupé just as I was getting out of mine, and I saw her the first thing as soon as I looked up. It was the most wonderful chance. And the moment we pushed our way through the door and got inside the outer hall, I heard the man calling the train—he calls so distinctly—and I told her I was sure it was our train; and then we just simply flew, both of us. I had the greatest time getting my plush bag. They were all locked up at Stearns's as tight as a drum, but I saw somebody inside, moving about, and I rattled the door and made signs till he came; and then I said I had left my plush bag; and he said it was against the rules, and I'd have to come Monday; and I told him I knew it was, and I didn't expect him to transgress the rules, but I wished very much to have my plush bag, because there were some things in it that I wished to have, as well as my purse; for I'd brought away my keys in it; and I knew Willis—how d'ye do, Willis!—would want wine with his dinner, and you'd have to break the closet open if I didn't get the key; and so he said he would see if the person who kept the picked-up things was there yet; and it turned out he was, and he asked me for a description of the bag and its contents; and I described them all, down to the very last thing; and he said I had the greatest memory he ever saw. And now I think everything is going off perfectly, and I shall be able to show Amy that there's something inland as well as at the sea-side. Why don't you speak to her, Edward? What is the matter? What are you looking at?" She detects him in the act of craning his neck to this side and that, and peering over people's heads and shoulders in the direction of the door. "Hasn't Norah—Bridget, I mean, come yet?" She frowns significantly, and cautions him concerning Mrs. Campbell by pressing her finger to her lip.

Roberts: "Yes—yes, she's here; I suppose she's—she's here. How do you do, Amy! So glad—" He continues his furtive inspection of the doorway, and Willis turns away with a snicker.

Mrs. Campbell: "Willis, what are you laughing at? Is there anything wrong with my bonnet? Agnes, *is* there? He would let me go about looking like a perfect auk. Did I bang it, getting out of the coupé? Do tell me, Willis!"

Mrs. Roberts, to her husband: "You don't mean to say you haven't *seen* her yet!"

Roberts, desperately: "Seen her? How should I know whether I've seen her? I never saw her in my life."

Mrs. Roberts: "Then what are you looking for, in that way?"

Roberts: "I—I'm looking for her husband."

Mrs. Roberts: "Her husband?"

Roberts: "Yes. He keeps coming back." Campbell bursts into a wild shriek of laughter.